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## Events of the Week.

THE House of Commons learnt from the Prime Minister on Monday what the world had learnt from other sources that morning, that a new and grave departure had been made, and that the Irish situation was to be debated by a Conference at Buckingham Palace. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George were to represent the Government; Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne the Opposition; Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon the Irish Party, and Sir Edward Carson and Captain Craig the Ulster Unionists. The announcement, which was received in silence, was followed by a brief statement from Mr. Bonar Law to the effect that he had loyally accepted the King's command. Mr. Redmond pointedly disclaimed any responsibility for this step, but intimated that as the invitation was in the form of a command from the King, he and Mr. Dillon had accepted it. Discussion was disallowed, but Mr. Ginnell contrived to put a question—asking what authority the Prime Minister had for advising the King to place himself at the head of a conspiracy to defeat the House of Commons. In the House of Lords, Lord Courtney, as became the chief authority on constitutional principle, raised this aspect of the procedure by putting two propositions to Lord Crewe:—

"1. That no action of this kind could be taken without not merely the concurrence but without the

advice of Ministers; it must be their act, and must be done on their responsibility, whoever initiated the consultation.

"2. That whatever the Conference does must be subject to the limitation that the authority of Parliament shall remain supreme, and that the last word will be spoken in Parliament."

Lord Crewe gave unreserved assent to both propositions.

THE announcement caused considerable concern to Liberals in general, and a meeting of some 100 Liberals on Tuesday met and passed a resolution, promising unabated support to the Nationalists, and demanding the realization of the Government's programme before a dissolution. The Labor Party met at once and passed a resolution, protesting against the calling of the Conference as an undue interference on the part of the Crown, and calculated to defeat the purpose of the Parliament Act. They further put on record their surprise "that two of the representatives should practically be rebels under arms against constituted authority, and their regret at this indication that in future an organization of force should be officially considered to be most effective in industrial as well as in political disputes." The second point has been made in speeches, and it is evident that the contrast in the treatment of rich and poor, in respect of sedition, that has been so apparent during the last few years has made a deep impression on the working classes. One Labor leader put it that if he had made Sir Edward Carson's speeches, he would have been invited not to Buckingham Palace, but to the dock.

THE Conference met on Tuesday, and sat that day and the three following days. It was welcomed by the King with a speech which was published in the "Court Circular," and caused universal astonishment among Liberals. One phrase in the speech ran:—"The trend has been surely and steadily towards an appeal to force, and to-day the cry of civil war is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people." In another sentence it was declared that the time was short. Liberals saw in this language an echo of the words of the Opposition leaders, and they found it difficult to understand how they could have occurred in a King's Speech in any sense in which a King's Speech is familiar in this country. On Wednesday, however, in answer to a question from Mr. Ponsonby, the Prime Minister took full responsibility for the speech, and said that it had been published by the unanimous agreement of the members of the Conference.

ON Thursday, it was generally believed that the Conference would break up, but in the afternoon it was announced that the Conference would meet again the following morning. In the House of Commons, Sir Henry Dalziel asked the Prime Minister what construction he put on the sentence in the King's Speech which spoke of the cry of civil war. Mr. Asquith, while deprecating such questions, replied that the sentence meant no more than was obviously true, "that an apprehension of civil strife had been widely entertained among responsible

persons, among whom I may, perhaps, include myself." It is significant that Mr. Asquith, in explaining the phrase, substituted civil strife for civil war, a rather important difference. The one phrase might be used to describe a disturbance during a strike, but when the King is made to talk of civil war, he means war levied against himself.

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A PICTURESQUE and significant incident of the Conference proceedings was the warm welcome given to Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon by the Irish Guards. As the Nationalist leaders were passing the Wellington Barracks, the men on the parade-ground recognized them, and gave a loud cheer. This brought men to all the barrack windows, and there was renewed cheering. It is a piquant coincidence that Lord Roberts is the Honorary Colonel of the regiment, and his daughter was at the time attending a review of the Ulster Volunteers. The Irish Guards have been reprimanded for their conduct, but their Honorary Colonel will, no doubt, lay to heart this symptom of what happens when Society begins to stir up the army.

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THE Finance Bill has been discussed, though with little life or interest, during the week, and it passed its third reading on Thursday. Mr. Austen Chamberlain made a protest against the conditions under which Finance Bills are debated, and he argued that if there were full discussions the hard case of Mr. Lumsden would not have arisen. This was the case in which increment duty, it is alleged, fell on builders' profits. The case has been argued finally in the House of Lords, and the division was given on Monday in favor of the Government. This Government meant to provide a remedy for such cases in the Revenue Bill. Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech in reply, referred to armaments and said he would despair of human nature if he thought that the House of Commons regarded the present warlike expenditure as destined to continue.

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AUSTRIA has presented a violent note to the Servian Government with the demand for a reply within forty-eight hours. In the note Serbia is charged with abetting a propaganda against the Monarchy and with tolerating apology for crime, with a culpable tolerance which "had not ceased at the moment when the events of June 28th last proved its fatal consequences to the whole world." The Servian Government is asked to give a formal assurance that it condemns this dangerous propaganda and that it will no longer permit it, and to undertake to suppress publications that invite to a "hatred and contempt" of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and to dissolve societies that are directed to the same end, and to purge the schools and the army. The first whispers of this proceeding provoked something like consternation all over Central Europe, varied by a natural and proper anger in Russia. Nor is this surprising. Serbia, inflated by her Balkan victories, is not a good subject for this form of sport. Each side, morally and historically, is about as deeply in the wrong as it can be. Austria habitually hectors, while Serbia sulks and dreams of future revenge. Undoubtedly she shelters dangerous Bosnian refugees, but they plot only because the Austrian, and still more the Magyar yoke is heavy. When the facts are known it may, perhaps, appear that some reparation is due from Serbia, but nowhere in Europe, and certainly not in this country, is public opinion disposed to approve of humiliating and provocative demands upon Serbia.

M. POINCARÉ, accompanied by M. Viviani, has this week visited St. Petersburg, and the usual routine celebration of the Dual Alliance derived a certain importance from its coincidence with the European unrest caused by the Austro-Servian incident. The tone of the Russian press has been pacific. The toasts showed the usual equivocations of such speeches, and were a glorification of the armed peace which rests on a balance of power. The two Allies, in the Tsar's phrase, are "working together for equilibrium and peace in Europe." "Faithful to a pacific ideal," they rely on "the plenitude of their forces." The world in that latter phrase is tactfully invited to take a glance at the enormous increases which both Allies have just made in their military preparations. The policy of the balance may be consistent with peace, if peace means merely the avoidance of war; but these mutual congratulations always find us in some fresh phase of unrest, and always discover some new paroxysm of arming which bears an honest witness than any words to the general insecurity.

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FAR more important than the French President's visit to St. Petersburg is the general strike which for several days has nearly paralysed its industry. It is nominally a protest against the brutalities used to suppress a strike at Baku; but the unrest, half-revolutionary, half-economic, has been growing for many months, and any occasion is good for a demonstration against the iron hand which has driven the whole Russian trade-union movement underground. The police estimated that by Tuesday 110,000 men were out; the factories and shipyards are closed; the trams in the capital have ceased running; suburban trains have been held up by strikers; and by Wednesday the men were even resisting the police behind some sort of shelters called "barricades." It is said that large numbers of the police have been injured, but though the Cossacks have been at work, there has so far been no wholesale slaughter of workmen. To some extent the movement is general all over Russia, and similar protest strikes have broken out in most of the larger towns. Whether it has been organized in advance, as seems probable, or whether it has broken out spontaneously, it shows the temper of the town-workmen, and happily justifies the reactionary fear lately expressed in the Duma that some sort of revolution may be brewing. This strike is probably only a reconnaissance, and it shows that the proletariat is recovering from its long nightmare of immobile fear.

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ON Tuesday, with the customary rites, the boy of seventeen who inherits the dignities of the Kajar clan was crowned Shah of Persia. His extreme youth might prejudice his reign, were it not certain that the two protecting Powers will relieve Sultan Ahmed Shah, if not of anxiety, at least of responsibility. While most of the crowned heads of Europe sent pretty souvenirs in porcelain or jewellery, the gift of Russia was a handsome minus quantity. The Russian Bank has just impounded the whole of the surplus from the Northern Customs, and the young Shah's first official conversation with his Ministers will be to consider how the salaries of his reformed gendarmes and his foreign officers shall be paid. The Russian reply has now been received to the Persian remonstrance regarding the usurpations of Russian officers in the North in regard to the collection of taxes and the exercise of other administrative functions. It is a nearly total refusal to meet the Persian point of view. Russia

is now openly committed to what is euphemistically called a policy of "decentralization" in Persia. Others might describe it as amputation. As a fitting climax to these coronation festivities, M. Mornard, the Belgian Financial Controller who succeeded M. Shuster, has resigned his post, and will advise Belgium not to nominate a successor to an impossible office. He went in, an opponent of Mr. Shuster and a partizan of Russia; he comes out convinced that Russian policy cannot be reconciled with Persian solvency.

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THE Caillaux drama shows the whole corrupt world of French politics, finance, and journalism in section, as it were, and the unhappy, unbalanced woman who was this week tried for the murder of M. Calmette seems only an item in it. The defence (since the facts are not in doubt) is using to the full the latitude of the French courts to present all the motives and possible justifications for Madame Caillaux's crime. It is still denied by the "Figaro" that the late M. Calmette held, or sought, or proposed to publish other private letters from M. Caillaux to his wife. The publication of one was a journalistic outrage, which the lowest rag in this country would hesitate to commit, and there seems to be a considerable weight of evidence to show that the "Figaro" tried to procure other personal letters. In his vehement evidence, which was rather a counter-attack than a defence of his wife, M. Caillaux, by way of retort to the "Figaro's" censures on his patriotism, made some startling allegations about M. Calmette's relations with foreign financial groups. The "Figaro" was, he said, in the service of the Dresden Bank, which was a large shareholder, and at a time when Hungary sought access to the Paris Money Market, it accepted a large subsidy from a Hungarian financier.

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THAT some of the earlier attacks of the "Figaro" on M. Caillaux were based on sheer invention was generally admitted at the time. The chief interest of this trial has so far been a revelation which seems to show that the late M. Calmette had armed himself with forgeries. He had on his person when he was shot two documents reserved for future publication, which were supposed to reflect on M. Caillaux's patriotism and integrity during the Moroccan crisis. These were confided to the President of the Republic. In response to a demand from M. Caillaux, the Public Prosecutor has now officially stated that these papers were "nothing but alleged copies of documents which do not exist and have never existed." All this is not very relevant to the trial, but it goes to show that given the present ethics of French journalism and the present state of the French law of libel, there was provocation for a desperate act. A man may call out a traducer or blackmailer. A woman stands outside that code of "honor."

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THE personality of General Huerta has been eliminated from the Mexican crisis, and to that extent the future is clearer, and President Wilson's "watchful waiting" has been vindicated by events. The only fact of interest about the ex-Dictator's quiet departure is that he is said by the American press to carry with him a million sterling in drafts, his "savings" during eighteen months of power. The question of the moment is how far the transitional President Señor Carbajal can

succeed in inducing General Carranza to enter Mexico City by peaceful arrangement. It is believed that he refuses an amnesty, and proposes to go on executing Federal officers. That may be an exaggeration of his intention to punish the actual murderers of Señor Madero. A further question arises as to the liability of the future Mexican Government for Huerta's loans. It is evidently not an easy task to induce the victorious rebels to assume a grace and moderation which are not in the Mexican tradition, and here will come the test of the real effect of the United States policy. Huerta was boycotted in the hope of discouraging thereby the extremest forms of violence and lawlessness in Mexican politics. The desired effect will not have been attained if Carranza in his turn pursues a vengeful "bitter end" policy. A fresh complication is threatened meanwhile by the doubt whether General Villa (who has just executed two French priests) means to acknowledge Carranza's rather nominal authority, or to set up for himself as an independent dictator in the Northern States.

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THE Mersey and Harbor Board have refused to concede the very reasonable demands of the men, and a grave situation has arisen in Liverpool. The men are asking for recognition and the establishment of a joint board, and it is stated that if these demands were conceded they would drop their further demand—very proper in itself—for the standard Port-rate of wages. Mr. James Sexton, the general secretary, has made an appeal to the magistrates in the interests of public peace. The Board are paying for this obstinacy by the rejection of their Bill in the House of Commons on Thursday. Mr. Barnes moved the rejection partly as a protest against the Board's behavior to its employees, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor took the same line on the ground that the Board would not listen to terms. A similar reactionary spirit has been shown this week by the farmers in Essex, who were brought into a conference with the men by the Bishop of Chelmsford, and then broke it up on the ground that they would not confer with the officers of the Union. The building employers are taking a ballot on the question of a general lockout, and so far it is believed that the voting has been favorable to this drastic policy.

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THE Miners' Federation discussed on Wednesday the questions raised by the dispute in the Scottish coal trade. The Scottish miners, faced with a demand for a serious reduction, replied by resolving to work for four days a week. This policy the Scottish miners have now abandoned in view of the disapproval of the English and Welsh miners. On the other hand, the Miners' Federation have authorised the Scottish miners to strike if the coal-owners persist in reducing their wages below 7s. a day. If the coal-owners are obstinate, the Miners' Federation will take a ballot on the question of proclaiming a general strike. The immediate situation is thus eased, but the consequences, if the Scottish owners persist in their demand, may ultimately be general and very grave.

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It is scarcely necessary for us to record our deep sympathy with the representations made to the Government on behalf of the Plumage Bill. The Bill has an overwhelming majority behind it, and the case is urgent. It would be a grave scandal if the efforts of a small group of obstructionists were successful in defeating it.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE place of the House of Commons in the public life of England depends, in a degree unparalleled in modern history, on the decisions taken by the Government in the next few days.

This is no rhetorical extravagance, it is cold and plain sense. The main facts about English history for two centuries was that Parliamentary institutions suited the governing classes, and that all politicians were agreed in accepting and maintaining them.

The chief feature of the present situation is the disappearance of this general assent. Ever since the Parliament Act, one party, with increasing recklessness, has challenged the power of Parliament, and challenged it in the name of the Court or of the Army—the very powers against which our ancestors were careful to exalt Parliament. The reason is perfectly plain: So long as Parliamentary institutions were in the hands of the wealthy class, their integrity was a principle of paramount importance. It is because the balance of power has changed that the party that represents the old supremacies of class is no longer loyal to this constitution and is actually conspiring against it. The outburst of this week means that Liberals recognize this danger. The danger is not, of course, that General Gough will play the part of Cromwell, or that King George the Fifth will play the part of Charles the First. In form, Parliamentary government will continue. But in fact, if these politicians get their way, Parliament will reflect the will of the Court and the Army. They, and not the House of Commons will decide at what point a Government ceases to deserve the confidence of the Crown.

It is this simple and important issue that is at stake. We cannot believe that the Government will so far forget their duty as to make any terms that recognize such an authority. The Government, in a natural and proper anxiety for peace, have been slower than we and many of its supporters would have liked in asserting the authority of the civil power, but we cannot believe that they will surrender the rights and traditions of the House of Commons. We cannot believe it of Mr. Asquith, who, more than anybody except his predecessor, owes his entire career to the House of Commons. "The Army counts, the House of Lords counts, the King counts," so says the "Morning Post," but the House of Commons is treated with contempt by the Government which pretended to make it supreme." Since when has the Army counted in politics, or have newspapers revived the old cry of a Patriot King? It is not the Army, nor the House of Lords, nor even the King that made Mr. Asquith Prime Minister. It is not to the Army, nor to the House of Lords, nor to the King that the electorate committed its destinies when it sent back Mr. Asquith to office. A dissolution at the bidding of these powers, or any bargain in which a dissolution was an element, would be a betrayal of the historical rights of Parliament and of the confidence of the people of England.

### THE KING AND THE CONSTITUTION.

THERE has always been a danger lest the temporary adjustment of the Irish question, in a form which both parties and their allies would accept, might involve a heavier cost to liberty and democracy than the people ought to be asked to bear. The danger has arisen, and in a form which many of us have anticipated it would take. We shall not choose the ground that the office of the King is a nullity, and that he has no interest in a matter which, by tacit admission, the Ministry consider themselves unable to bring to an issue without great risks to the public peace. There should be some friendly, conciliating force in the community in moments of excitement and instability, when parties drift farther apart than usual. Queen Victoria acted in this spirit in 1884, but on a smaller stage, and with a far less sensational apparatus than has been provided for the Conference summoned by George V. The Queen merely brought Gladstone and Salisbury together. But there is a long step between a friendly cup of tea in Downing Street and a Conference which is a supersession of Parliament in full sitting, and at the concluding stage of a controversy which it has debated for twenty-eight years. This week we have had a kind of King's Council, arbitrarily composed of representatives of three parties in the State, to the exclusion of the fourth, which, in its way, is the most representative of all.

This body was in no sense the organ of the existing Government. The Cabinet, which springs from the Privy Council, was set aside, and if we are to count the heads of the new Junta, they will be found to yield a majority of one for the Opposition's view of the Irish question. The ultimate authority of Parliament did, no doubt, remain. Buckingham Palace could present no ultimatum to it, or claim any authority for its decisions which the House was called on to respect. That, indeed, is the obvious rebound of this device. We have gone too far in democracy to accept other than our strictly "limited" form of Monarchy as an easy and safe conduit for the real "will to power," which runs to and from Parliament and the constituencies. Everyone knows that the Sovereign intervenes privately in politics. Queen Victoria habitually interfered, either, as in Palmerston's case, through dislike of the personality of a Minister and resentment of his high-handedness, or, as in Gladstone's case, through distrust of his policy. But the moment a whisper of such happenings goes forth, the Minister throws a close veil of irresponsibility over the Sovereign's person, and public opinion allows him or her to disappear under it.

Now, in the King's Speech (new style) which is before the country, this veil has been lifted. With what result? Mr. Asquith has hastened to cover the King's acts and words with the accustomed formula. But every one of his listeners knew that what he was defending was a Speech drafted by the King and *vised* by him, not a Speech drafted by the Cabinet, and *vised* by the King. Even if Parliament did not detect the difference, the country has. Nearly every Liberal paper has held itself free to criticise the King's language, and to suggest, in respectful but firm language, that one of



its governing sentences had a certain Unionist bias. Every Unionist paper has held up its "patriotism" and "statesmanship" as a bright example to the miserable intriguers who "advise" him and the half-effete Parliament which supports them. This is the beginning. Suppose the Buckingham Palace meeting ends in the defeat of Home Rule and the overthrow of the Government, as it well may do? Supposing the Government were weak enough to bow to pressure and go to the country, with its work undone? Would the King's personality be kept out of such an election? One remembers the tone and character of the popular broadsheets of the time of George III. and George IV. Gross violence of speech about the Crown is, we hope, a thing of the past. But the moment the Sovereign detaches himself ever so little from the body which is his shield, he becomes a challengeable, disputable force, like everything else in our State, its action and method debated, their consequences keenly and even ruthlessly speculated on.

And for a good, plain reason, whose weight every honest disputant must acknowledge. The King is not and cannot be a real arbiter between parties. All kings are conservatives. That is their *métier*, for they are the most conservative institution in the country. Moreover, they are surrounded by men in whom this political bias is accentuated by personal affection for the person of the Monarch and unqualified devotion to his interests. Is it surprising therefore that the moment the King "goes into print" on his own account, he seems, in a sentence, to seem to give away the Liberal case about Ulster. We say seems, for the sentence is ambiguous, and Mr. Asquith's reading of it may have been the King's. But it is at least a phrase which nearly every reader of it misunderstood. Who says that "Civil war is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people"? We know no less "responsible and sober-minded" citizenship in the British Empire than that which lives in the quarrels of the seventeenth century, and has thrust them violently into the politics of the twentieth. Who deliberately gives their intervention the name of "civil war"? Chiefly those who invoke it as a moral denial of the Government's right to pass the Home Rule Bill.

The doctrine of Ministerial responsibility covers words put into the King's mouth by his Ministers, not words put into their mouth by the King. We take it for granted that the Prime Minister proposed the Conference, and we have his word for it that he agreed, we suppose with such misgivings as must occur to the leader of a great party, to pass the strange wording of the "King's Speech." Do those acts accord with the established relationship between the King and his "advisers"? Their advice to him must be *unconstrained* advice, springing from a full command of policy. It has been said that the King had difficulties about the Amending Bill, on the ground that it had changed the character of the Home Rule Bill. The parent Bill could no longer be held to be one with the measure as at first introduced, and could not pass under the protection of the Parliament Act. If, therefore, the Government pressed for its passage without an agreed

amendment, the King could only give his signature on the condition of an immediate appeal to the country. It seems certain that matters were not pressed so far as this. The King is a man of conscience, and a strong sense of duty, and, however reluctantly, he would, we have no doubt, take his Ministers' advice, and sign the Bill without conditions. But it is natural for him to use all his influence to secure a compromise, which may, at any cost, avoid a turbulent period in politics. And the moment such a suggestion is breathed by the "King's friends," the Opposition stiffens its back, for it thinks that its tactic of a forced election is secure. It is hard to say that a Prime Minister thus encompassed and beset is entirely a free agent.

The immediate consequences are not reassuring. We have a King's Speech, with some excellent and timely phrases addressed to the nation as a whole, and also some visible masses of Opposition feeling and opinion embedded in it, composed by another hand than the Prime Minister's, and, we suppose, settled at some other meeting of the "King's servants" than the Cabinet. These are grave innovations, which may carry us far. We take the calling of the Conference itself as an act which extends, without gravely stretching, the King's undoubted right to be informed of policy and to express his views on it, both when they coincide with his Ministers' and when they differ. Looking at the old and rooted trouble of Irish government and nationality, we do not quarrel with the King's idea of calling on both parties, with some solemnity and authority of phrasing, to find a remedy. But there has been so much rebellious speaking and doing in Ulster, and in the summoning of the chief rebels to the Palace, and in the flattering speech about them there is so much sheer endorsement of a certain kind of treason of which the higher powers seem to approve, that we wonder where British Sovereignty and British Constitutionalism are being led. If we are to have party government, we prefer to have a whole not a half Government. And we would much rather have the Government speak for the King than the King for himself, a bit of the Government, and a good deal of the Opposition.

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#### HUMAN LIFE IN THE MINES.

It is a little startling, even when full allowance is made for the political excitements of the moment, that the result of the proceedings taken by the Home Office against the Universal Colliery Company, Senghenydd, and its manager has scarcely attracted any notice at all. Last October, no less than 439 men and boys were killed in this mine. The most alarmist estimates of the probable loss of life in the civil war with which Lord Roberts threatens us in Ireland will not reach to anything like this figure. The explosion occurred last October; the judgment was given last Saturday by the Caerphilly magistrates. Of the charges brought against the manager of the Company, five have been established. The Court has found that the manager did not appoint,

in writing, a lampman to examine the lamps on the surface, that he did not appoint a competent person to unlock the lamps in the mine, that he neglected to enter in a book the reading of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer. That he did not provide a contrivance for the immediate reversal of the air, and that he did not cause a report to be made as to the conditions of the road in respect to coal dust. For this omission, the Court have imposed various fines, amounting in all to something like £50. On one question the Court decided that expert evidence was in conflict, and that as no regulations have been laid down by the Home Office, they came to the conclusion that the manager had done all that was reasonably practicable under the circumstances. This charge was in respect of the accumulation of the coal dust. The charges against the Company were dismissed in a sentence, which we quote in full because of its importance:—

"They appointed a competent certificated manager, who was also their agent, and he had the sole control, management, and direction of the colliery; that the directors of the company took no part, nor did they interfere with the management; that the company made all the financial and other provision necessary to enable the manager to carry out his duties; that the offences alleged in these proceedings, so far as they have been proved, were committed without the knowledge, consent, or connivance of the company. It was also proved before us that the Act and regulations were duly published at the colliery."

Anybody who some generations hence comes on the record of this accident and of the prosecution, will surely come to one of two conclusions. He will suppose either that human life in the coal-mining class was held very cheap, or that destructive accidents were so common and so little to be prevented by human care, or the vigilance of the State department that an accident which has killed 439 men is treated as an event of very trifling importance. Let us consider for a moment what are the chances of life for men in this occupation. The Court has laid down that owners of this Company have discharged all their responsibilities when they have appointed a manager, given him a free hand, and allowed him to spend their money. The manager is there to watch the interests of his masters and the shareholders scattered over the country. In almost every modern business these interests are protected against the negligence or the malice of the working classes by a heavy system of fines and penalties. A woman who is a quarter of an hour late loses a sum of money in comparison with her wages which is a far heavier penalty than the penalty paid by a manager whose negligence may cause an appalling loss of life. This is merely an illustration of the tendency of modern industry; and every accident that happens on the railways, no less than the revelations of factory inspectors, bring home the truth that behind the worker and behind the manager there is this constant and overwhelming pressure—the pressure of the driving power of profit. The record of the shipowners is as well known as the great name of Samuel Plimsoll. The mineowners were reprimanded as a body by a Committee of the House of Commons in

an age when nobody thinks that Parliament was particularly sensitive. Lord Londonderry told Lord Shaftesbury that he and his fellow coalowners could not conduct their business except under conditions that public opinion declared to be barbarous. It is idle to disregard the essential fact that industry is organized on a plan that gives the fullest driving power to the economic interest of the proprietor whether, as in the old days, a single employer, or as to-day, great bodies of shareholders, who virtually deny all responsibility, and judge their manager by their dividends, and dividends alone.

On one side, then, there is this power, and the ranks of industry are subject to it, from the manager of the mine to the boy who drives the pit pony. The whole theory on which we have been trying to build up the elements of an industrial civilization is the theory that human life is defended from that power by the authority of the State. If the government of this country were really conducted on this principle, is it conceivable that we should have these great mining disasters, followed by a message from the King, and perhaps a visit from the Home Secretary, scarcely any discussion in the House of Commons, very little inquisition of the Home Office of the way in which its responsibilities are carried out, and at the end proceedings in the police court and these nominal fines? The regulations of the Home Office, designed to protect life, ought to be the most important and binding part about the discipline of a colliery, whereas they are treated as if they were of very secondary importance. Meanwhile, the very scale and figures of these catastrophes seems to make society careless and unconcerned. It is easy to understand the growing demand of the mining population for some direct share in the administration of the laws on which their lives depend. Our present practice pays little respect to the great principle of civilization that human life comes before the profits of the most powerful class.

#### THE OBSOLETE BATTLESHIP?

THAT blessed provision of Nature by which we do our thinking in water-tight compartments was pleasantly illustrated this week at Spithead. We, none of us quite know whether the Dreadnought is a warship or a mammoth toy for peace. But we are none the less duly elated when our possessions are massed in a gigantic and spectacular line. The press has done its utmost to feed our complacency. In the midst of the Irish crisis, with the Constitution rocking to its foundations, when none of us is quite sure whether the morrow may not plunge us into the violence and instability of Latin-American politics, it is agreeable to turn aside to contemplate these traditional glories, this spectacle which marks the climax of our most typically British enterprise. Even the modern Tory can be content with this achievement, and it does not poison his joy to recollect how much of it he owes to Liberal finance. But no review can last for ever, and this review to our minds has only emphasized the

question of questions which confronts the Navy. These forty miles of battleships and cruisers, this terrific accumulation of what Mr. Churchill calls "shattering, blasting force," is it fitted to perform the tasks which its designers intended it to fulfil? They can lie gallantly enough in their proud lines in time of peace at Spithead; but, if war should come, would any commander dare to place them in a line of battle?

We should hesitate to say that the controversy which Sir Percy Scott started in the press has been conclusive. The odds were heavily against him. He came forward with a revolutionary thesis, calculated to offend not merely professional optimism but the normal complacency of the layman. Moreover, he is obviously not a skilful controversialist. But in spite of these handicaps, his thesis has suffered no serious damage in the discussion, and to the lay-reader it seems that not one of his opponents has met his central position. It is common ground that the submarine is a formidable and even a deadly weapon of offence. None of the deductions which must be made before its value can be sanely assessed dispose of its efficiency under favorable conditions. Its range of action and vision is limited; it is slow; it is less deadly by night than by day; it can operate only at close quarters. But it will often be able to get to close quarters, and there it is irresistible. Not one of the writers who attempted to state the case for the battleship, ventured to assert that it has any means whatever of resisting the submarine, when this elusive and invisible enemy has got within range of it. Given the favorable conditions, the conclusion would seem to follow that the battleship can only be the passive prey of the submarine, and it is no substantial comfort to know that on a dark and stormy night a battleship might be fairly safe in mid-ocean. The experience gained in the last manœuvres is supposed to be a secret of the experts; but though the details are concealed, it is generally known that the submarines succeeded in putting a large proportion of the capital ships opposed to them out of action, and since this result in every instance followed an actual hit, it is hard to see where the conditions were unreal. The difficulties which the submarine has to face are all material, and must be as serious in peace as they would be in war. On the other hand, manœuvres cannot test the moral effect of its work—the demoralization which the presence of an invisible and irresistible enemy would certainly cause to the crews of the big ships. "Practically all the big ships," wrote Mr. F. T. Jane in his account of these manœuvres, "were wiped out by submarines," and he went on to conclude that "Dreadnoughts must be absolutely discounted in any scheme for preserving our shores from invasion."

That is an understatement of the case, if the premises on which it rests are well founded. We see no possible middle term in this controversy. It might be argued that the submarine was worthless, but, in point of fact, no one does so argue. The hottest of Sir Percy Scott's opponents conjured us to build more and yet more of them. Mr. Churchill has ascribed to them "the decisive part" in the warfare of the future, and backed his opinion by a heavy vote for their construction. But, if

the submarine is really what its advocates claim that it is, we are totally unable to see what the future rôle of the battleship can be. It cannot defend our coasts. It certainly dare not blockade an enemy's coast. It could meet and overthrow an enemy on the high seas only if that enemy were unprovided with submarines, or was unskilful in their use; and even this function is one which it would be folly to assign to it, if our own submarines can repeat in war against a real enemy the achievements which they scored against a "sham" foe at the manœuvres. One does not risk a battleship in action, if a submarine has a reasonable prospect of doing its work for it.

The issue which Sir Percy Scott has raised cannot be left much longer undecided. We want no hasty decisions and no panic action. But this must be borne in mind, that the ideas on this subject, which are comparatively novel to the public, are by no means new to the Admiralty. It clearly believes in the submarine. Has it any right to go on believing in the battleship? Assuredly, unless it sees its way to the invention of some wholly unguessed method of combating a torpedo attack from below the surface, it has no right to believe in the battleship. Clear thinking on this subject is much easier than consistent action. To act on the conclusions which recent experience imposes would be to cast aside the whole of our naval tradition, to "scrap" not merely the battleship, but history with it. It would encounter, moreover, the strenuous resistance of the enormous vested interest which has grown up around the provision of armor plate and great ships. The war trade will certainly not oppose a mere negative to the new doctrine. It will tell us that the submarine is an improved weapon; it will remind us that other Powers are still building battleships, and therefore it will have us maintain to the full our "lead" in this class. As other Powers will hear the same arguments from their own war traders, the mere pressure of competition in the obsolete will be maintained. On the other hand, it will "boom" the romantic possibilities of the submarine and the hydroplane, and adapt its industry to derive the maximum of profit from this service also. For the moment, we are acting on these lines. They are crossing and inconsistent lines. If the new doctrine has a presumption of truth in it, if we are sure enough of it to go in largely for the provision of submarines, then the further building of Dreadnoughts is an unqualified waste. The forty miles of gallant warships at Spithead were forty miles of passive and helpless targets. That the thinking of the Admiralty will sooner or later revolutionize its practice we do not doubt. We know too little of the facts to be quite sure that it ought to revolutionize it yet. But of this we are sure, the pressure of the war trade will be used relentlessly, massively, and if need be, with all the tricks of cosmopolitan chicane, to delay the translation of clear thinking into commercially undesirable practice. Against this pressure, public opinion must mobilize. If Dreadnoughts are obsolete, we cannot afford to go on for years or for decades building them, until the actual outbreak of war has proved that they dare not leave their ports.



## THE SECOND YEAR OF THE INSURANCE ACT.

IF the second volume of the National Health Insurance Commissioners proves nothing else, it furnishes abundant evidence of the necessity of a co-ordinated scheme of State assistance on a large scale for dealing with the problems of poverty and disease. The initial difficulties of administration and the shortcomings which have been revealed in our national insurance system assume insignificant proportions when they are set against all that has been, and is being achieved in the provision of sick pay to sick workers, and through the various other benefits of the Act. Take one fact alone. A very important feature of the Report is that which deals with the deposit contributor. It is evident that the approved societies have absorbed practically all those who are regularly engaged in industrial occupations. Thus, the anticipations, freely indulged in three years ago, to the effect that we should find ourselves with a million or two deposit contributors on our hands, made up of the flotsam and jetsam of the industrial world, have been altogether unrealized. Although 454,000 deposit contributors entered into insurance at various times, up to January 11th, 1914, 190,000 of them have been transferred to various approved societies, and during the sixth quarter only 194,994 remained. This number probably represents the effective number of deposit contributors. Half the men and 60 per cent. of the women amongst them are under the age of thirty-five, and are evidently in regular employment. Up to January, 1914, more than half of them have paid fifty-two contributions a year, and 75 per cent. of them have paid not less than forty-eight annual contributions. Moreover, of those whose cards were returned for the sixth quarter, more than 90 per cent. had accumulated balances of sufficient amount to enable them to go into approved societies without any penalty. The claims for benefits amongst them also have been singularly few—not more than 35 per cent. of what was anticipated. The small number of claims for maternity benefit amongst them also is a further indication of the fact that they consist largely of relatively young people who are in good employment. It would appear that many of them are those who do not expect to be in insurance for more than a short time, and who hope before long to have an income above the income level, and to whom industrial insurance makes no effective appeal. There is evidently a proportion of the very poor and irregularly employed or disabled, but it is a small one.

From the evidence laid before the Schuster Committee and from the actuaries' statements in the Report, beyond any questions of lax administration, of varying local standards, or of the workers' special employment, there is clearly great room for improvement in the matter of medical certification. From the experience in London and Bristol, we may anticipate that the new service of referee-consultants will prove to be one of the best investments the Chancellor has made, both in respect to improving and developing the existing medical service and in the great saving which it promises to effect in the societies' accounts. We are glad to learn that it

is not intended to stop short simply at the service of referee-consultants, but to make a beginning in developing a proper consultant service. This should be linked up with the arrangements which are made in the administration of the new Budget grants for the provision of laboratory aids to diagnosis, nursing, and clinics for practitioners. Apart from this, there has evidently been serious laxity in some cases in the granting of certificates, and strong measures should, if necessary, be taken to deal with it. While, however, we note all the criticisms that can be passed on the administration of the Act, let us not lose sight of the overwhelming fact that it has clearly provided about 20,000,000 of payments for sickness benefit. It must have kept thousands of steady workers out of the workhouse, and brought a volume of relief and comfort to the homes of the people, which no words can express and no money standards can measure.

In connection with Sanatorium Benefit, it is impossible, with the example of London before us, not to envy and admire the public spirit of cities, like Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. In these great centres of life and civic organization, schemes have been established for dealing with all persons affected with tuberculosis in their area. Many of them are in an early stage of development, and the provisional machinery is still being used. But the defenders of the Act may well reply to its hostile critics in the political opposition that, whilst nothing whatever had been done on comprehensive lines for dealing with this scourge before the Chancellor brought forward the present scheme, during the eighteen months ending on January 11th, 1914, 58,756 insured persons received treatment for tuberculosis in some form or other, and 26,302 of them received treatment in residential institutions. The machinery for after-care and for the care and treatment of advanced cases is scarcely in being as yet in many districts, but very rapid progress has been made during the last six months. In contrast with what has been done in many parts of the country, nothing could be more deplorable than the feeble and conscienceless attitude of the London County Council. The Report makes restrained and courteous references to it, but they are very significant.

In regard to medical benefit, the Report states in a pregnant sentence that "the working of it has already revealed, more clearly than had previously been possible, the loss which the country has suffered through the past inability of large sections of the community to obtain adequate treatment of the diseases from which they suffered." Taking it as a whole, they say that "it seems to have provided not only actual treatment by general practitioners for cases suited to home treatment, but also a foundation on which extended provision can suitably be based," and we are told that "at the lowest estimate of the position, an enormous number of men and women are now receiving treatment for their ailments who previously were accustomed to go without; while, on the other hand, insured persons have been enjoying, at the hands of the more conscientious and competent doctors a service of the standard of that accorded to remunerative patients of the well-to-do classes." There remains the question of the general

attitude of the public and of the medical profession. It is comforting to find that no less than 96 per cent. of the insured persons have already had their names enrolled on the panel lists, and that even in London, where the natural and political difficulties have been greater than anywhere else, 90 per cent. of them are enrolled. An inquiry was conducted in one of the home counties into the reasons why the balance of the insured had failed to enter their names on the lists, and its result throws a welcome light on the trifling character of the objections of the opposition, such as it is. It appears that of those who have failed to enter their names on the panel lists, no less than 70 per cent. had either sent in their names, but had failed to have them entered owing to some misapprehension or error, or that they had either left the district, or had otherwise ceased to be entitled to benefit; 24 per cent. out of the remaining 30 per cent. had simply neglected to take any steps whatever, or had been ignorant of the necessary procedure, only 3.8 per cent. of those investigated had preferred a doctor not on the panel, and only .6 per cent. had paid privately for treatment. In respect of the total population in the area, it appears that these last two classes together represent only 1.97 per cent. of the insured persons. With this convincing evidence before us, we may hear less in future of those victims of insurance, who prefer to pay twice over for their medical attendance rather than make use of the system which the Act has brought into being. Equally striking is the growth of the medical panels. The number of registered medical practitioners in England alone from the Census is a little over 22,000, and the number on the panels in England, excluding duplicates within each area, but including doctors on more than one panel, on May 31st, 1914, was 16,059. The number of duplicates represented by doctors on more than one panel in adjoining areas will doubtless, in the aggregate, represent a considerable number. But we may make a handsome allowance for this, and still recognize that a very large proportion of the general medical practitioners of the country are already enrolled on the panels, especially when we remember that the numbers given in the Census Return include the large consulting class, the doctors connected with the services, and with various institutions, as well as those who are retired, or who are not engaged in active practice. In the end, the Act is advancing, and with increasing volume and power of adaptability to the wants of the people.

### THE CRISIS.

THE House of Commons is becoming acclimatized to the atmosphere of crisis. Varying in their alarming nature, crises have arisen at intervals all through this session, and there is still time for several more. But the Conference crisis has upset the equanimity of members in a different way to any of the previous dilemmas which the House has had to face. It is not too much to say that all sections of the House were thrown into absolute confusion on Monday last. The lobbies and passages were filled with groups of men conferring, consulting, whispering, grumbling, protesting, and even swearing, express-

ing, in fact, every sort of view except that of approval, which was very conspicuous by its absence. No Royal command for the establishment of a body to deliberate on the business of legislation, which is the exclusive function of the legislature, is going to meet with any mark of approval in a modern House of Commons. And when the House is left to watch and wait, without the power of criticism and without effective control, for however short a period it may be, a strong feeling of suspicion and resentment is bound to find expression in all quarters. Let me try and summarize in the briefest possible way, the various dissentient opinions expressed on both sides.

The Liberals object:—

- (i.) To the principle of a conference of leaders not sanctioned by the House.
- (ii.) To men who have taken up an attitude of open rebellion against the Government of the day being invited by the King to confer.
- (iii.) To the recognition of the new principle of armed resistance as an effective weapon in Parliamentary controversy.
- (iv.) To the withdrawal from the House of Commons, for consideration by an outside body of a legislative measure before its final enactment by Parliament.
- (v.) To the apparent attempt to defeat the principles of the Parliament Act, and to modify the decisions of the majority in the elected Chamber, because it is progressive.
- (vi.) To possible compromises which may be forced on the Government by such a procedure.
- (vii.) To Royal interference, however technically constitutional, which would never be tolerated if a Tory Government were in power.
- (viii.) To some of the expressions in the King's Speech.

The Opposition object:—

- (1) To a Liberal Government "using the King" to get them out of a tight corner.
- (2) To any pressure being brought from that quarter to modify their opposition.
- (3) To the Speaker having been chosen as chairman.
- (4) To the credit the Government may gain.
- (5) To having to abandon their direct opposition to Home Rule, and the possibility of upsetting the Government, and having to accept exclusion, any form of which will only be an embarrassment to Ulster.

Many more arguments on both sides might be quoted, but these are enough to show the very unsettled state of opinion. With regard to the King's attitude, it is useless to expect that he can take such a prominent part in these negotiations and at the same time be exempt from all criticism. Very wild rumors have been circulated with regard to his future intentions. In the present excited state of feeling among members a casual observation gets magnified, as in the game of Russian scandal, into a portentous pronouncement. But certain impressions that have gained ground cannot be said to be entirely without foundation. That he views with concern the contingency of having to give his assent to a Home Rule Bill without an Amending Bill and without a settlement is natural enough, but as a constitutional monarch his refusal to assent is not even a debatable matter. That he may attempt to attach conditions to his assent is not improbable, but no such attempt can conceivably be allowed to succeed. That the bias of his opinion may be on the Unionist rather than on the

Liberal side is, as we all know, probably true. But the dignity and even security of his position depends precisely on how far this bias is concealed, and how far the strictest and most scrupulous impartiality is maintained by him in his dealings with all concerned. That the Prime Minister must shoulder all responsibility for the King's action and words is a commonplace of the Constitution, a mere convention that may be taken for granted. But it will not prevent us from looking beyond the conventional forms into the region of sympathy and influence, and forming our own conclusions. We are sailing into deep waters; the state of affairs is unprecedented; for the moment we are bewildered and rather inarticulate. But though we may be prevented from speaking, not even a Royal command can prevent our minds from working.

A RADICAL MEMBER.

### A London Diary.

THE Conference has had at least one striking result. It has stiffened the back of the Liberal Party against anything like a forced Dissolution. It seems incredible that the least member of the Cabinet can have contemplated such a thing. To go to the country with the Bill uncarried, or in a shame-faced surrender the moment it had passed, would almost dissolve the Liberal Party. Such an election would be simply a national muddle and a Liberal disaster. The King could not be left out of it, for after the Conference it would be supposed that a "hands-up" policy was really, if not formally, due to Court "pressure" and the fear of the Army—which appears, after all, to contain a few Nationalist soldiers. And Liberalism would be torn in pieces from within and massacred from without.

I THINK the first serious stumble of the Conference was over the Unionist proposal to insist on a solid Tyrone. On Fermanagh there might have been a deal.

As for opinions, I hear only one view expressed by Liberal, Nationalist, and Labor members concerning the current Unionist talk of a dissolution as the inevitable consequence of a breakdown of the Conference, or even of its success. It is that if such a step is to be forced on the country it should be preceded by a change of Ministry. I imagine, however, that the Conference itself is an argument against any such sequel. A dissolution followed on the last Conference, and to repeat a similar sequence of events now would be for ever to discredit that method of negotiation in the eyes of Liberal majorities. Indeed, the device would be universally regarded as a sort of booby-trap for democrats, which is, perhaps, the last thing that its patrons would desire.

THE "constitutional disturbance," as the doctors say, produced by the Conference and the King's Speech, has, I think, been very great. Both parties have been affected by it, and their balance sits much more loosely than before these rather grave events. The Labor Party "are in detachment, watching keenly and sullenly a State palaver" to which they were not invited, and catching at the rebound of the Conference on labor politics. The

Liberals have remained loyal, but they are very uneasy, and the Radicals resentful of the implied slighting of Parliament. Why, they ask, should the Prime Minister shoulder full responsibility for a speech which he did not initiate and did not even draft? But the Liberal meeting was successful, and the resolution passed with enthusiasm.

REDMOND's position is, of course, not a little awkward. It may be a great thing for the King at last to acknowledge the Nationalist leaders. But it is a tight pass for the Nationalist Party, with its old feeling about Royalty, and one is not surprised to hear that Mr. Redmond has had protests from Ireland against his having accepted the King's invitation. Even Toryism does not stand outside the general circle of discontent. In a sense the Tories are more unhappy than the Liberals. Old-fashioned constitutionalists think the King's intervention dangerous, and many more disliked the choice of the Speaker as Chairman. All men feel that they are on quaking ground, and that the Conference has consolidated nothing.

THE King's position has, perhaps, been over-stated. The Tory press has been utterly unscrupulous, and has put every ounce of malicious suggestion into its leaders and news that it could extract from the Speech and the Conference. But no pistol has been put to Ministers' heads. I see no reason to qualify my suggestion that the point of the Amending Bill having vitiated the right of the parent Bill to pass under the ægis of the Parliament Act has been raised in the Royal entourage. But I don't believe the King has pressed it, far less that he suggested that he could not on that account sign the Bill unless the Government went to the country at once. The King, as much of the phrasing of his allocution proves, is a sincere and simple man, loyal to his Ministry, as they to him. But of course he wants a settlement, and, in the nature of things, he hears much from Ulster and his personal friends which give him the full Opposition view of the situation. He no longer possesses in Lord Knollys a highly expert judge of opinion and an adviser whose own view counts in proportion as it was based on long experience and great personal penetration. Other men, other gifts. But one must, in fairness, distinguish between what is proposed to the King and what he suggests to his Ministers.

AMONG the minor puzzles of the situation is Mr. Austen Chamberlain's apparent aloofness from the counsels of his colleagues. Rumor credited him for a long time with a wholesome distaste for the "civil war" campaign, just as it is now supposing him to be touched in his Parliamentary conscience by a milder phase of extra-constitutionalism. A good deal of comment was caused the other night—perhaps one should say was indirectly invited—by his pointed reference to the temporary absence of Mr. Lloyd George from a Budget debate as a sign of the diminishing authority and power of the House of Commons. Yet if Mr. Chamberlain was in the confidence of his political friends he must have known that Mr. George's absence at the moment was due to Conference business—a reason, by the way, which



explained the absence at the same time of Mr. Bonar Law.

WHEN the King saw Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon, he had the advantage of a first introduction, not only to two of the ablest Parliamentarians of their time, but to two finished and highly accomplished gentlemen. If either of them had been a member of any British Parliament but the Imperial one, he would, by this time, have risen to the control of it. It is only Irish Nationalism which stands a suitor at our gate of Empire, where it sits in power inside all the rest. It is no disrespect to Sir Edward Carson and Captain Craig to say that their status as politicians hardly counts by the side of the Irish leaders, and that neither in culture nor in fineness of type do many Parliaments own a private member quite so distinguished as Mr. Dillon. As for politics, one might, without much inaccuracy, name Mr. Redmond as a Conservative-Liberal, and Mr. Dillon as a Liberal-Conservative.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### LONDON IN LITTLE.

SINCE the destination of a motto is to be inscribed upon the banner and shield under or behind which one advances the more courageously into battle, it should be short. Otherwise the lettering will be too small to read, or the banner and shield too large to carry. And since the first object of a motto is to strike terror into the enemy or to inspire oneself to combat, it should be formidable or encouraging. The Scottish motto, "Nemo me, &c.," for instance, though just too long for heraldry, is formidable in its threat. And the motto, "What Cheer! We're Winning!" (adopted by a Woman's College in the original two Greek words of Pheidippides) encourages to further bloodshed.

Such were the motto's original purposes, and now the question is being raised under what motto London would best take the field. What words would strike most terror into her Teutonic foes? What brief encouragement upon their banners would give most heart in the battle to her County Councillors, Borough Councillors, Poor Law Guardians, Water Boards, Financiers, Mercers, Haberdashers, Fishmongers, Bankers, and other leading men? What stirring incitement to victory would the rank-and-file of her clerks and shop-boys like to read emblazoned upon their scutcheon when, as they started for the front, their mothers adjured them to return with their shields or without them?

But this primary and bellicose object of mottoes is deplored by pacifists, who justly point out that even the savage motto of Scotland does not only threaten; it describes. By a description of the national plant, continually dinned into Scottish ears and brandished before Scottish eyes, it educates. It stimulates the Scottish youth to assume the distinctive qualities of the thistle, and who shall say that it does not succeed? A lesson repeated for several generations and inculcated with all the pomp and splendor of heraldry becomes almost irresistible in effect, and what we want is a brief lesson that would make the Londoner all we should wish him to be, just as successfully as the Scot has been made like

a thistle. We cannot question the influence of mottoes upon character. Pass Devonshire House on a 'bus, and read the motto, "Cavendo Tutus," "By Caution Secure." Apart from the pun, you would recognize at once the lesson that the Cavendish learns from childhood. Contemplate the house, secure as a fortress behind its outworks, gates, and walls, which surround courtyard, gardens, and all as with embodiments of caution. Under the motto you feel the spirit of Whiggery incarnate; you see the history of a family into whose souls that lesson has entered—a family cautious, unadventurous, uninspired, and secure.

Who can doubt that lessons of a different kind are similarly taught by descriptive mottoes such as "Ubique," in which one hears again our gunners galloping over rocks and veldt to the point of danger; or as "Pristinæ Virtutis Memor," "Of Old-time Valor Mindful," under which the Queen's (old 2nd Foot) maintain their centuries of reputation? To the same end, London Hospital has inscribed upon her walls the humane line of the Roman comedian: "Homo Sum"—"A man, I hold no human thing aloof." By writing the description "Ich Dien"—"I am a Servant"—upon his arms, the old King instituted the highest and only possible form of modern kingship. And when a bench of magistrates try to translate the words "Semper Eadem" above their heads, it may be they feel a qualm as they sentence the hungry poacher, and discharge the fat motorist without a stain upon his license.

So we come to mottoes of direct exhortation or petition, often of a rather obvious and copybook kind. "Floreat Etona" may be consecrated by memories, but "Advance Australia" is dull as the interior of that continent. "More Light!" "Pactum Serva," "Keep Troth," and "Union is Strength" have all a commonplace and goody-goody sound, like an aunt's advice. On the other hand, "Stand Fast, Craig—" (we have for the moment forgotten the name of the Scottish crag; it has been driven from our minds by Craigavon, the salubrious suburban residence near Belfast which the Ulster Covenanters have made the headquarters of their chieftains grim)—but "Stand Fast, Craig Something!" is a fine rallying cry for patriot mountaineers. "Honi Soit" might have taught English society a better lesson against gossip and evil-speaking than it has yet mastered. "Let Curzon hold what Curzon held" is rather long, but it instils useful instruction into the growing land-grabber. "Non Nobis"—"Not unto Us, Not unto Us"—would sound nobly humble, if Uriah Heap had never lived. Ruskin's chosen motto of "To-Day" is an arousing stimulant for the lazy, pleasure-loving man of genius, exposed to the thief of time. And "Pax Tibi"—"Peace to Thee, Evangelist Mark"—sounds the splendor of Venice, although the lion which paws the motto is an emblem not of peace, but a sword.

After this preliminary canter for learning the scope and difficulties of the subject, let us approach the main business of selecting London's motto. We have seen that mottoes are of various kinds, but none is ever chosen for telling the plain unvarnished truth. We should at once, therefore, exclude such descriptive attempts as "A City of Dreadful Night," "Mean Streets," "An Infinite Monotony," "Ignobly Decent," or "The Bigger the Worse." It is not by simple truth that the enemy is terrified or the ardor of citizens encouraged. Among the hundreds of suggestions put forward in the "Times" and other papers in the last few days, no motto of this accurate nature appears. So let us rather examine a few that seem to be most favored. We will exclude at once the Tacitean sentence that was for a time first in

the running—"The Charm of the Place Constraineth Us." Even in the Latin it is too long for a shield, the word "dulcedo" is a feeble, decadent concern, and the sentiment is more suitable to a Garden Suburb than a smoking city. We will also exclude certain mottoes chosen from modern literature, such as "Heart of the Hearts that are Free," "On, London, On," "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Lest we Forget." We do not want to be perpetually reminded of Swinburne's opinion of Walt Whitman, or of Marmion's dying words, or of Newman's approach to Catholicism, or of Mr. Kipling's canting appeal to the Deity shortly before the Boer War. For similar reasons we exclude "Turn Again, Whittington," because we do not want to be always thinking of cats and pantomimes.

Again, we must exclude the copybook mottoes, such as "Law, Liberty, Love," which is too gently platitudinarian; or "Have Faith, but Labor," to which we should prefer Cromwell's "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry," or Mahomet's "Trust in God, but tie your Camel." "Progress, yet Reform Wisely" is dull as Australia, and unadventurous as a Cavendish; and "Slowly Broadening Down" recalls too exactly the City Fathers seated at their banquets. In like manner "Move On" is better suited as a motto for Scotland Yard than for London as a whole, and even for Scotland Yard we would suggest "Pass Away" as preferable. The prayer "God Guide Us," or "God Guard Us," as translation of "Domine Dirige Nos," with which the Griffin appeals from the chaos of traffic at the top of Fleet Street, is brief and good, but seems lacking in originality. "God with us" is better, but as it was the motto which Cromwell inscribed on the Commonwealth coins, it might increase the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown at night. "God Encompass Us" has many supporters, and would probably win if it were not so hard to say, and if it did not expose us to the bores who would be for ever telling us the connection between it and the "Goat and Compasses" in Marylebone Road.

"Biggest and Best" and "The Joy of the Whole Earth" are too monstrously untrue even to be encouraging. "A Goodly Heritage" is fine, and might be acceptable if it did not suggest the ground-landlords and their unearned increment piling up from one generation to another while they sleep. "There is no Wealth but Life" is fine also, and lies at the root of true and new economics; but it sounds rather soft and doctrinaire. "The Navel of the State" is not bad, but Early-Victorian ladies would never have dared to mention such a thing, and we must regard the sensibilities of those who linger. With reluctance we are compelled to reject "Llundain am Byth," though we feel sure the sentiment is excellent; but we take it to be Ancient British, and few of us now wear wode. We do not object to Latin. It is brief. It is "marble's language." Many of our most highly educated classes can spell it out, and it is widely known among our possible enemies across the Channel or North Sea. "Fluctuat nec Mergitur," the motto of Paris, superbly expresses the Parisian history and temperament. What can our County Councillors find to equal it? Whether in Latin or English, we consider London's motto should contain a noble aspiration in three words, and to our mind a good choice in Latin would be "Nisi Dominus Frustra." Condensed from the well-known verse in the Psalms, it directs the thoughts of citizens to the noblest building and administration for their city. "Except the Lord build the house—except the Lord keep the city, the labor and the watchmen are in vain." Or in English, sticking to the

Bible, which is still so familiar to the English people, we should choose "No Mean City." It is not conceited. We regard it as an aspiration rather than a statement of fact, and set repeatedly before the eyes of our County Councillors, town-planners, and administrators, it might influence them to extend throughout our multitudes of streets and suburbs something of that historic grandeur which the centre of London by glimpses occasionally reveals.

#### THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

THE generality of mankind entertains for mathematicians a veneration more superstitious than kindly. We bow, indeed, to their eminence and readily accord to them a place on the inaccessible heights of the human intelligence, but posterity is rarely curious about their persons. Is it because we respect them so profoundly that we do not gossip about them, as we gossip of the poets? The few among them whose names are really household words owe their celebrity, we suspect, to some achievement more easily grasped by an indolent mind than a mathematical invention. Newton lives by the law of gravity and not by fluxions. Descartes survives because he gave himself the superfluous pains of demonstrating his own existence. But the name of the man who invented the multiplication table is lost in the night of time, and the genius who, in this field, stands next to him in practical service to mankind, is to most of us no better than a name. For three centuries the navigator taking his bearings, the surveyor measuring his field, and the astronomer at his labor among heavenly magnitudes, have blessed the Scotch laird who invented logarithms. To cause two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, is really a poor definition of service. To help the mind to do in minutes what else would cost it hours of toil, is nearer to our ideal, and that might serve as the motto of Napier's "Canon Mirificus." It is good news that the learned world of Edinburgh is preparing to celebrate the coming centenary of his death. We do not know whether gratitude can reach the dead. Dante would have it that the philosophers in Limbo obtained entrance to their "noble castle" by reason of the honored name which is theirs on earth. But we are sure that ingratitude to the great dead, if it does not injure them, is at least a wrong which we do to ourselves. David Hume declared that the title of a "great man" was more justly due to Napier of Merchiston than to any other Scot, and, indeed, until the days of Adam Smith, we doubt if another could contest his pre-eminence.

If the Laird of Merchiston had been an abstract and inhuman calculator, lost to the common affairs of mankind, an intellectual skeleton rattling his dry bones to the clatter of square roots and geometrical progressions, it would be easy to understand the oblivion into which he has fallen. But in spite of the celebrity of "Napier's bones," he was far from being a "caput mortuum." We suspect indeed that Napier, like all great mathematicians, was a dunce at arithmetic. His famous "bones" were a set of delightfully ingenious machines which he invented to save himself the labor of multiplying and dividing. They might well have survived in use to our own day had he not capped this performance by the use of decimal fractions, and the incomparably greater invention of logarithms. We like to think that Napier agreed with the schoolboy in holding that multiplication is vexation, for this sound opinion it was which drove him on to the beautiful discovery of his "canon mirificus." But the real romance about Napier is the motive which set him counting. He was not him-

self an astronomer, though to the magnificent Tycho Brahe, vexed amid the regal splendor of his astronomical kingdom of Vraniberg by the vulgar business of multiplying, he promised the alleviation of logarithms. Mathematics were to him merely an auxiliary study, to which he turned with reluctance amid his real preoccupations, the "cura graviorum rerum," which was his life-work. Newton was prouder of his work among the guineas of the Mint than of the angelic task of giving laws to light. Napier's graver things were another of the tasks of Newton's old age. His life-work was the interpretation of the Apocalypse. It is sometimes said that he invented logarithms in order the more easily to manipulate the mystic Number of the Beast. That is a probable conjecture, to which the mind instinctively clings, but we are reluctantly compelled to admit that we find no evidence for it in his published commentary on St. John. But that was an early work, and to the end of a long life he continued his researches round the vials and the trumpets, and died as he had lived, preoccupied with the Scarlet Woman. It may well be that as the mystery of Patmos deepened about him, he pursued the phantom of the Beast with the sacred logarithm of 666.

Napier's title to fame is, we suppose, that he invented logarithms. But another discovery of his has probably had a deeper influence on human history. When the drums of Ulster are throbbing, and the most responsible of his Majesty's subjects affirm their conviction that the Pope is Anti-Christ, Napier's other achievement deserves to be recalled. It was the Laird of Merchiston and no other who established beyond all cavil and by geometrical demonstration, that the Whore of Babylon was the Pope of Rome, and the Number of the Beast an anagram of the Latin Empire. The "Plaine Discovery of the whole Revelation of Saint John" is to be found in the British Museum, a dainty little volume, dated 1593, which does credit to King James's printers. It opens with a somewhat minatory dedication to that shifty Prince, in which he is exhorted "first to begin at y<sup>e</sup> M. owne house familie and court, and purge the same of all suspicion of Papists and Atheists or Newtrals, whereof this Revelation telleth that the number shall greatly increase in these latter daies." The preface tells us how, while still in his "tender years and bairn-age," as a student at St. Andrew's, "being attentive to the sermons of that worthy man of God, Maister Christopher Goodman," he was "moved in admiration against the blindness of Papists, that could not, most evidentlie, see their seven-hilled Citie of Rome, painted out there so lively by Saint John, as the mother of all Spiritual Whoredome," and resolved to dedicate his life "to search out the remanent mysteries of that holy booke." The result was a terse and formidable commentary, based on an apparatus of propositions, to which he gave a quasi-geometrical demonstration. There is much sound classical learning embedded in them, a wide historical reading, and a fanatic's faith (Napier was no "Newtral") in the power of human reason to decipher the obscure text. He wrote in English (or rather, as he quaintly says, in a compromise between Scots and English), that the simple might understand, and his book was at once translated into French and Dutch, Italian and Latin. Its popularity lasted for just a century, and then ceased abruptly, for Napier had unluckily committed himself to a calculation which set the Day of Judgment between the years 1688 and 1700. But its influence survived its disappearance. The whole Protestant world adopted his identification of Antichrist with the Pope. The Number of the Beast was once for all accepted as an anagram

of the word "lateinos." Newton followed his conjectures in chronology. Borrow's Man in Black, we shrewdly suspect, had some knowledge of Napier's queer statistical information about the Popes. No less than twenty-two of them, it seems, were "abominable necromancers," who "bound themselves slaves to the Devil for ever, to be made Popes." Eight of them were atheists. The modesty of the printed page forbids us to reproduce his precise numerical details regarding their more carnal sins. As for the marks of the beast, what were they but the crosses and like superstitions of the Roman Church?

For many a generation the stamp of Napier's thinking was printed on the mind of the Scottish race. But Napier's mind was an active and powerful "ingyne" (to use his favorite word). There were few limits to its speculation, and it displayed the typical audacity of the Renaissance. It was not content to fight the Papists with spiritual weapons. A curious paper survives, in which Napier offers to the English Admiralty some infallible inventions for the annihilation of Papist armadas. One of them is a burning glass, which would, like Archimedes' invention, set fire to a ship at sea. Another is apparently a submarine, which he describes as a "device of sayling under water." A third was some species of artillery, which would annihilate, not by firing in a straight line, but by some alarming circular motion, and would clear a field four miles in circumference of every living creature. This piece is said to have been proved on a barren moor in Scotland with much slaughter of cattle. But Napier kept it secret, preferring that it should perish with him "seeing the malice and rancor rooted in the heart of mankind," and believing "that for the ruin and overthrow of mankind there were too many devices already framed." It is small wonder that Napier's contemporaries called him a "warlock," and told strange tales of the black cock with which he did his divinations. A curious document seems indeed to prove that he did actually enter into a contract with one Logan, a disreputable friend of the outlawed Earl of Bothwell, to search by uncanny means for buried treasure. His favorite son and executor left behind him a manual of white and god-fearing magic, which was jealously preserved as a family secret. No monument records the daring activities of this powerful "ingyne." He communed with the prophets of the past. He peered unblinded into the future. He schemed for God's Kingdom, armed His hosts, interpreted His revelation. He was the daring freebooter, who overran the kingdom of knowledge which a more pedestrian age was to conquer. It is by the malice of time that his audacious spirit lives to-day cabined in a table of numbers. A king of infinite space is immortal in a decimal point.

#### MARJORAM SUMMER.

THE year is aliding from its zenith when we see the high-borne purple buds of the marjoram breaking into the paler color of cream, stained with strawberry juice. With it the blackberry hedges are in blossom, whose fruit, soon to ripen, will employ the mellow August days, either in the hand-to-mouth picking of him who feeds by the wayside or in the accumulation of tons for the London market. But marjoram gives more truly the tone of *fin d'été*, which is purple; it appeals not only to the eye but to the ear, and it calls together all the gay butterflies of the hill-side, bidding them eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow they die. The may berries are already browning towards their scarlet, nuts are plump



and white upon the hedges, sloes are just ungreen enough to tell you that never was there such a year of sloes, the fruits of summer are everywhere apparent. And the marjoram blossom is the fruit of a long and patient toiling, of the building-up in summer sunshine of cell upon cell, of their stiffening into tough rods of great thinness on which at last have been elaborated the little points swelling and purpling into a floral mass, flavored not with the jejune sweetness of the clover, but with the dry nuttiness of mature summer.

Marjoram has a name of its own, coined for its very self without apparent reference to any other phenomenon in the wide world. It is a name like "frumjious" or "jabberwock," a sort of ejaculation, or as though the plant had brought its own name to us in a foreign tongue, of which that is the only word known. It just faintly suggests the Virgin, after whom so many sweet flowers are called, and Margaret, the noble one, whose name the daisy bears. It almost but not quite makes anagram with "amarac," the older and less happy name for the same flower. Amarcus, son of the King of Cypress, spilt a box of precious ointment, and made so much fuss about it that as a consolation, or as some might say in hasty punishment for his petulance, he was turned into the flower for ever redolent of the scent he had lost. And "Amarac, affording savor sweet" the flower was to the Romans, who perhaps delighted to find it on our Chilterns and Cotswolds, and some British professor of botany, making an ineffective shot at the word, called it perhaps "marjoram," a slip so happy that it has been marjoram ever since. But there was a dark age long since the British, when the more usual name was "organ," "origan," or "organic," words faintly, elusively as its own scent, suggestive of a mighty usefulness to the human frame. It was perhaps a botanist of the "organic" period, who, finding the dear flower extraordinarily at home in a certain part of America, gave that part the name it now bears of Oregon.

With marjoram come many other close relatives and members of the same natural order, all of them except the woodsage clad in some sort of purple. The dead nettles, yellow archangel, and others of spring and early summer could be in other colors, but now we have betony, basil, horehounds, woundworts, thyme, prunella ringing the changes between pink and royal blue, but not going beyond those limits of the purple kingdom. They are, all of them, aromatic rather than scented, and now that nearly all the herbs and simples of our forefathers have fallen into disuse, the seasoning herbs that the cook must still have as charms to the appetite rather than purifiers of the blood almost all belong to the sage tribe. Yet they are more than savories. Mint is the bitter herb commanded by the Jewish doctors to be eaten with lamb, and no one who has taken a leaf of it in hot milk will gladly forego it again as a corrective as well as a flavor. The virtues of marjoram are sung by Culpepper almost more loudly than those of any other herb. It strengthens the head and the stomach, cures loss of appetite, relieves consumption of the lungs, cleanses the body of choler, and "helps the bites of venomous beasts." Or, if we have nothing particularly the matter with us, let us remember that "the whole plant is a warm aromatic, and an infusion of the dried leaves is extremely grateful."

There are many ways of taking marjoram, and the best of them all is to sniff it as it grows by the wayside, to walk miles in the halo of it, to enjoy the color of it (are not some illnesses cured with colored glasses?), to hear the shrill cry of the drone-fly as it hastens to the banquet of its nectar, to enjoy not at second-hand, but

at first-hand the sources of life from which the plant extracts its healthy properties. Of course, it cures jaundice, for purple is the double opposite of yellow. When we look at the other flowers just now, we find that nearly all of them celebrate the full ripeness of summer in the same color. Canterbury bells are in royal purple, and the great willow herb sets the whole hillside aflame with acres of lively pink. The Americans call it fire weed for two equal reasons. When a forest has been burnt down, it springs up as though spontaneously, as the yellow rocket sprang up after the Fire of London, and when it is in blossom, it is more like a flame than any other flower. We could suggest a third reason for its name, that when it has gone out of blossom, its woolly fruits are like nothing so much as smoke. Now, it is yielding its white nectar, and the bee-keeper can tell whether there is any within three miles of his garden by looking for its pollen on the legs of his bees. It is a bright, greenish indigo that cannot be mistaken for any other pollen.

But perhaps the bees are no longer in the garden. If it is within twenty miles of the mountains, the apiary will have been removed bodily, and set down in a new place where the honey summer, having finished with the lowlands, has perched for its autumn session. The moofs have waited long for their blossom-time, and now they have come out all over in most exuberant purple. Hard of stem and dry of habit to an even greater extent than marjoram, the heathers can no more help blossoming purple than the sappy, damp-loving buttercup of spring, called ranunculus or little frog, could help coming yellow. Even the buttercups (in a large sense) that wait till now put on a maturer color than the family yellow. Monkshood and larkspur are conspicuous examples. There is nothing grander than the great regiments of monkshood found wild in the dingles of Wales, when we are on our way to the mountain tops with their blazing heather. Wolf's bane it is too, and perhaps it was used by Welshmen to poison their arrows against the wolves after both plant and animal had ceased to be common in England. A far less sinister name it has earned by the peculiar shape of its stamens, which, when they are pulled out from the shelter of the top petal which forms the cowl or the helmet, strangely resemble a pair of doves. So, kindly people, finding in it with pains the good that everything has, however poisonous, named it "Dove-in-the-Ark," and even "Venus's doves." In Wiltshire, perhaps they make it play a part in the story of Little Red Riding-hood, for the name they give it is "Granny-jump-out-of-bed."

Another floral attribute of late summer is open-handedness. No longer are blossoms carefully locked up so that only special insects, furnished with the key, can take their sweets. When the thistles come, everything on wings will be invited to range over their round heads, and dip into a thousand cups. Already we have that magnificent insect flower, the hemp agrimony, to whose massed blossom of crushed strawberry come blue-bottles, green-bottles, and the brightly-colored flies hatched in humble-bees' nests. Here, also, comes nearly every butterfly, for it is easy enough for one of these to open its wings, and keep a blossom to its own magnificent self. But what a commotion there would be about the hemp agrimony if that were the only butterfly flower. We have walked through a rough pasture joyous with thousands of purple knautias. It was evening time and cloudy, and it seemed as though every blossom had for its sleeping rider a specimen of that noble butterfly, the marbled-white. They can sleep there safely, even through a rainy night, and resume their gambols in the morning.

## Short Studies.

## STUDIES OF EXTRAVAGANCE.\*

## VIII.—THE PERFECT ONE.

WHEN you had seen him you knew that there was really nothing to be said. Idealism, humanity, culture, philosophy, the religious and æsthetic senses—after all, where did all that lead? Not to him! What led to him was beef, and whisky, exercise, wine, strong cigars, and open air. What led to him was anything that ministered to the coatings of the stomach and the thickness of the skin. In seeing him, you also saw how progress, civilization, and refinement simply meant attrition of those cuticles which made him what he was. And what was he? Well!—perfect. Perfect for that high, that supreme purpose—the enjoyment of life as it was. And, aware of his perfection—oh! well aware!—with a certain blind astuteness that refused reflection on the subject—not caring what anybody said or thought, just enjoying himself, taking all that came his way, and making no bones about it; unconscious, indeed, that there were any to be made. He must have known by instinct that thought, feeling, sympathy, only made a man chickeny, for he avoided them in an almost sacred way. To be “hard” was his ambition, and he moved through life, hitting things, especially balls—whether they reposed on little inverted tubs of sand, or moved swiftly towards him, he almost always hit them, and told people how he did it afterwards. He hit things, too, at a distance, through a tube, with a certain noise, and a pleasant swelling-up under his fifth rib every time he saw them tumble, feeling that they had swollen up still more under their fifth ribs, and would not require to be hit again. He tried to hit things in the middle distance with little hooks which he flung out in front of him, and when they caught on, and he pulled out the result, he felt better. He was a sportsman, and not only in the field. He hit anyone who disagreed with him, and was very angry if they hit him back. He hit the money-market with his judgment, when he could, and when he couldn't, he hit it with his tongue. And all the time he hit the Government. It was a perpetual comfort to him in those shaky times to have that Government to hit. Whatever turned out wrong, whatever turned out right—there it was! To give it one—two—three, and watch it crawl away, was wonderfully soothing. Of a summer evening, sitting in the window of his Club, having hit balls or bookies hard all day, how pleasant still to have that fellow, Dash, and that fellow, Blank, and all the —y crew to hit still harder. He hit women, not, of course, with his fists, but with his philosophy. Women were made for the perfection of men; they had produced, nourished, and nursed him, and he now felt the necessity for them to comfort and satisfy him. When they had done that, he felt no further responsibility in regard to them; to feel further responsibility was to be effeminate. The idea, for instance, that a spiritual feeling must underlie the physical, was extravagant; and when a woman took another view, he took—if not actually, then metaphorically—a stick.

He was almost Teutonic in that way. Not that he liked Germans. Next to the Government, he liked hitting them better than almost anything. Indeed, you could not miss them; what with their beer-drinking and general expansion, they loomed larger to him than haystacks. Right and left, he hit them all the time. He had a rooted conviction that some day they would hit him back, and this naturally exasperated him. It was not as if he could stop hitting them. If a man could not hit Germans in these days, what could he do? In the midst of danger to the Game Laws, of Socialism, and the Woman's Movement, the only hope, almost the only comfort, lay in hitting Germans. For Socialists were getting so near that he could only hit them now in clubs, music halls, and other quite safe places; and the woman's movement might be trusted implicitly to hit itself. Thus,

\* No individual has posed for any of these caricatures.

in the world-arena, there was nothing left but those god-sends, the Government and Germans. Always a fair man, and of thoroughly good heart, he gave them credit for just the amount of generosity and goodwill that he felt present in his own composition. There was no extravagance in that; and any man who gave them more he deemed an ass.

He had heard of “the people,” and, indeed, at times had seen and smelt them; it had sufficed. Some persons, he knew, were concerned about their condition and all that; but what good it would do him to share that concern, he could not see. Fellows spoke of them as “poor devils,” and so forth; to his mind they were “pretty good rotters,” most of them—especially the British workman, who wanted something for nothing all the time, and grumbled when he got it. The more you gave the more they wanted, and if he were this Government, instead of coddling them up he would hit them one, and have done with it. Insurance indeed; pensions; land reform; minimum wage—it was a bit too thick! They would soon be putting the blighters into glass cases, and labelling them “this side up.”

Sometimes he dreamed of the time when he would have to ride for God and the King. But he strongly repelled, of course, any suggestion that he had been brought up to a belief in “caste.” At his school he had once kicked a scion of the Royal family; this heroic action had dispersed in his mind once for all any notion that he was a snob. “Caste” indeed! There was no such a thing in England nowadays. Had he not sung “The Leather Bottel” to an audience of dirty people in his school mission hall, and—rather enjoyed it. It was not his fault that Labor was not satisfied. It was all those professional agitators, confound them! He himself was opposed to setting class against class. It was, however, ridiculous to imagine that he was going to hob-nob with, or take interest in people who weren't clean, who wore clothes with a disagreeable smell, people, moreover, who in the most blatant way, showed him continually that they wanted what he had got. No, no! there were limits. Cleanliness, at all events, cost nothing—and it was the *sine quâ non*. What with clothes, a man to look after them, baths, and so on, he himself spent at least two hundred a year on being clean; and even took risks with the thickness of his skin, from the way he rubbed and scrubbed it. A man could not be hard and healthy if he wasn't clean, and health and hardness were his little gods.

One could see him perhaps to the best advantage in lands like India, or Egypt, striding in the early morn over the purlieus of the desert, with his loping strenuous step, scurried after by what looked like little dark and anxious women, carrying his clubs; his eyes, with their look of out-facing Death, fixed on the ball that he had just hit so hard, intent on overtaking it, and hitting it even harder next time. Did he at these times of worship ever pause to contemplate that vast and ancient plain, where, in the distance, Pyramids, those creatures of eternity, seemed to tremble in the sun haze? Did he ever feel an ecstatic wonder at the strange cry of immemorial peoples far travelling the desert air; or look and marvel at those dark and anxious little children of old civilizations who pattered after him? Did he ever feel the majesty of those vast lonely sands, and that vast lonely sky? Not he! He d—d well hit the ball, until his skin began to act; then, going in, took a bath, and rubbed himself. At such moments he felt perhaps more truly religious than at any other, for one naturally could not feel so fit and good on Sundays, with the necessity it imposed for extra eating, smoking, kneeling, and other sedentary occupations. Indeed, he had become perhaps a little distracted in religious matters. There seemed to be things in the Bible about turning the other cheek, and lilies of the field, about rich men and camels, and the poor in spirit, which did not go altogether with his religion. Still, of course, one remained in the English Church, hit things, and hoped for the best.

Once his convictions nearly took a toss. It was on a ship, not as English as it might have been, so that he was compelled to talk to people that he would not otherwise perhaps have noticed. Amongst such was a Briton



with a short beard, coming from Morocco. This person was lean and brown, his eyes were extremely clear; he held himself very straight, and looked fit to jump over the moon. It seemed obvious that he hit a lot of things. One questioned him, therefore, with some interest as to what he had been hitting. The fellow had been hitting nothing, absolutely nothing. How on earth, then, did he keep himself so fit? Walking, riding, fasting, swimming, climbing mountains, writing books; hitting neither the Government nor Germans! Never to hit anything; write books, tolerate the Government, and look like that! It was not done. And the odd thing was, the fellow didn't seem to know or care whether he was fit or not. All the four days that the voyage lasted, with this infernal healthy fellow under his very nose, he suffered. There was nothing to hit on board, the ship being German, and he himself not feeling very fit. However, on reaching Southampton and losing sight of his travelling acquaintance, he soon regained his equanimity.

He often wondered what he would do when he passed the age of fifty; and felt more and more that he would either have to go into Parliament, or take up the duties of a county magistrate. After that age there were certain kinds of balls and beasts that could no longer be hit with impunity, and if one was at all of an active turn of mind, one must have substitutes. Marriage, no doubt, would do something for him, but not enough; his was a strenuous nature, and he intended to remain "hard" unto the end. To combine that with service to his country, especially if, incidentally, he could hit Socialism, and poachers, Germans, loafers, and the income tax—this seemed to him an ideal well worthy of his philosophy and life, so far. And with this in mind he lived on, his skin thickening, growing ever more and more perfect, more and more impervious to thought and feeling, to æstheticism, sympathy, and all the elements destructive of perfection. And thus—when his time has come, there is every hope that he may die.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE QUITE MELANCHOLY CASE OF BERNARD SHAW.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In my former letter I deplored the failure of Mr. Shaw's memory. I have now to lament the failure of his eyesight; at least it is to some such failure that I may perhaps attribute his having omitted to read my letter to the end. I accused him, you will remember, of having told two fibs about myself; and I gave him the choice of either justifying them or withdrawing. He has done neither. Has he read what I said to him and about him, or does he think that by keeping silence on these points he will cause the public and myself to forget them? I can assure him that having got him in a corner from which all the dialectical ingenuity in the world will not enable him to escape I am not going to walk away and let him slip out. Not likely! But I will return to this anon. It is no use our continuing to bandy words over "Joseph." Mr. Shaw says it is "magnificent," "a masterpiece." I say it is platitudinous Teutonic tosh that any decently schooled German musician could have turned out, and that the more thoughtful of them will pray that they may never turn out. Obviously I cannot *prove* this to Mr. Shaw, any more than he can *prove* to me that the work is a masterpiece. Let us then leave it for the next five or ten years to show who has blundered. To-day I want to have a little fun with Mr. Shaw's desperate attempts to score a point off me here and there.

1. According to him, I have said that "Strauss is a tired and disillusioned mediocrity of dazzling genius." "It is a fine day"—runs Mr. Shaw's comment—"but the weather is extremely rainy and tempestuous." It apparently does not occur to Mr. Shaw that though it is rainy to-day there may

have been fine moments last Tuesday. It is surely possible for a man to write a work that has some pages of genius in it, and *four years later* to write another that shows no genius whatever. I hope this is clear even to Mr. Shaw.

2. Mr. Shaw would fain persuade your readers that I formed my opinion of "Joseph" from "the press of England and Germany," and from "conversations with some leading musicians." I cannot believe he is so stupid as not to have seen the plain meaning of what I said,—not that I had derived my opinion from anyone, but that if Mr. Shaw would take the trouble to look into the matter he would find that I was not the only person with a supreme contempt for "Joseph."

3. Mr. Shaw objected to my speaking as I did of "Joseph," seeing that the work was by "a foreign visitor of extraordinarily attractive personality." I rejoined that the attractiveness or repulsiveness of Strauss's personality had nothing to do with the question of whether his music was good or bad; and now Mr. Shaw plaintively says he thought that "calling a man a tired and disillusioned mediocrity with a dull mind was meant as a personal criticism." Cannot Mr. Shaw see that if a critic has never spoken to Strauss in his life, what he says about him can only be an artistic, not a personal criticism? What in the name of reason has "attractive personality," in the sense in which Mr. Shaw originally used the words, to do with the matter? I believe that Strauss as an artist—as a thinker, let us say—is at present tired, disillusioned, and mediocre; but he may still refrain from beating his wife, or forging a friend's name, or drinking his soup from a sponge.

4. Mr. Shaw would have your readers believe that no idea of "Joseph" can be had from the piano score, even after a dozen readings of it. If that is so, I shall sue Strauss for having got sixteen shillings out of me under false pretences; for if the pianoforte score is not intended to give people an idea of the music, why is it published? As a matter of fact, such a score tells us a good deal; it makes us familiar, for one thing, with the thematic contours of the work; and we can then listen more intelligently to an orchestral performance. I am told that Mr. Shaw was once a musical critic. It seems incredible, but I am assured it is so by people whom I have found truthful in other matters. In those days did Mr. Shaw ever study the piano score of a new work before he heard it and criticized it? If he did—and it certainly was his duty to do so—he ought to know better than to talk the cheap nonsense he is now retailing. If he did not, then he must have criticized new works on the basis of a single performance—that is, he trusted to those "first impressions" which he censured me, wrongly as it happens, for trusting to in the case of "Joseph."

I pass over in charitable silence Mr. Shaw's grotesque attempt to make out that when he spoke of a certain theme as the "opening theme" he did not mean the theme that opens the work, but a totally different theme that occurs some time later. I "lave him to God." "I do not know what Mr. Newman calls it," he says; "but at all events he now knows where it is." This to me, after I had shown him where it is!

Is all this display of damp fireworks intended to make the public and myself forget that I have a crow to pluck with Mr. Shaw over Wagner? I wish to draw him back, gently but firmly, to his first letter. He accused me of "paying-out ill-mannered nonsense" about Wagner years ago, "after even the 'Daily Telegraph' (remonstrated with at last, it is said, by Royalty), had dropped it." I challenged him to prove this. He makes only a passing reference to the matter—a reference that in its turn is deliberately dishonest, as I shall show in these columns if Mr. Shaw provokes me to pursue the subject. He knows perfectly well that my arguments in "A Study of Wagner" (1899) were directed against Wagner the metaphysician, Wagner the historian, and half-a-dozen other minor Wagners—not against Wagner the musician. But that it was Wagner the composer whom he accused me of disparaging is clear from his own words—"and now he" [i.e., myself] "thinks Wagner, on the whole, rather a great composer" (the "on the whole" is merely another gratuitous impertinence). It was Wagner the composer against whom the "Daily Telegraph" used to fulminate; nor can we imagine "Royalty" intervening on behalf of Wagner the metaphysician. Mr. Shaw will excuse me, then, if I insist



on his either producing his evidence for his charge against me, or apologizing for having fibbed about me.

His other libel was that I ran down Wagner the composer "until the grossness of [my] error was too much even for English editors." This charge he must either publicly prove or publicly withdraw. Once more I ask him for the names of those editors. Nay, sorry as I am for Mr. Shaw, I will set him an easier task. According to him, I pursued my career of crime against Wagner for some time before the editors revolted. Presumably, then, the damning articles that caused the revolt are in print somewhere. If Mr. Shaw cannot name the editors who protested, and the articles that were refused, surely he can cite the articles that were printed? But he may save himself the trouble of research. There were no such articles, there were no such editors. Will Mr. Shaw climb down, or must I bring him down?—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST NEWMAN.

July 19th, 1914.

## CRUELTY TOWARDS POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Owing to the deliberate boycott of the subject by nearly all the daily papers, except the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Daily Herald," I think people are generally unaware of the torture now being inflicted upon suffragist prisoners by forcible feeding. It is a treatment which the Bishop of London lately described in the "Times" as "a process which, if continued for any time, seems to leave them (the prisoners) physical and mental wrecks, which it is incompatible with a Christian civilization to allow." In the same letter the Bishop also said that "he believed the thing to be wrong in itself." And in a recent petition to Mr. Asquith against the continuance of the process, some of the best-known leaders of the Free Churches described it as "acutely painful, frequently dangerous, and invariably degrading."

When the Cat-and-Mouse Act was passed, probably most Members of Parliament who voted for it believed that, however dubious the Act might be, it would at least put an end to forcible feeding. It has not done so. Forcible feeding and the Cat-and-Mouse Act are being used conjointly, and the sufferings of the prisoners are indefinitely increased. At the time of writing, I believe there are at least twelve women in England and Scotland being forcibly fed. Within the last few weeks prisoners untried, and therefore assumed to be innocent, have been forcibly fed. Miss Nellie Hall underwent the torture about one hundred times before trial. Miss Grace Roe was forcibly fed for several weeks before trial. After long delay, both of these prisoners, neither of whom was proved guilty of any actual destruction of property, were sentenced to thirteen weeks' imprisonment, and the process which the Bishop of London describes as leaving the victims physical and mental wrecks is still being practised upon them.

Questions were asked in Parliament last week about the case of Miss Frances Gordon, who states that, while imprisoned at Perth, she was treated by the disgusting and obscene process of injection by the rectum. Without answering the questions directly, Mr. McKinnon Wood accused Miss Gordon of systematic drugging before her imprisonment. Her medical attendant, Dr. Mabel Jones (M.D., Lond.), has replied by letter that "the idea of systematic or any drugging is quite preposterous in the case of Miss Gordon," and that she is satisfied Miss Gordon's statements fully account for her condition upon release after serving only ten days of her sentence—the condition of "a famine victim."

Now there is the present case of Miss Arabella Scott, M.A., sentenced to nine months' imprisonment more than a year ago. Three times she was released after hunger-strike, re-arrested under the Cat-and-Mouse Act, and imprisoned in Edinburgh. After her last release she took part in working against the Government candidate at the Ipswich election, and rather more than a month ago she was re-arrested in London and taken to Perth (not Edinburgh). Since then, we suppose, she has been forcibly fed, and we want to know what degree of degradation is being imposed upon her, and why she should be forcibly fed now when she was not before. Since her first arrest, her suffrage action has been entirely

constitutional, and she has taken no part in "militancy." Is it a crime to speak against a Government candidate? If so, it is a crime of which many hundreds of us Liberals have been guilty, and shall continue to be guilty so long as the Government attempts to stifle the demand for woman suffrage by trickery, injustice, indifference, or brutality.

Mr. McKenna, at whose door the outrage of forcible feeding now chiefly lies, has lately been asking the Bishop of London, the doctors, the Free Church ministers, and others who protested, what is the alternative. For suffragists the only sure alternative is a Government measure to admit women to citizenship. But Mr. McKenna has himself discovered another way which would at least be better than the present intolerable abomination. Speaking in the House on June 11th, he said: "Six or eight days of hunger-and-thirst strike are far more severe than two or three months' imprisonment under the ordinary conditions of prison-life." Let him act on his own statement. Let him take his minimum and consider one week's hunger-strike as equivalent to two months' imprisonment. A sentence of six months might then be wiped out by three hunger-strikes at due intervals, and the process which Members of Parliament have themselves described as "brutal," "cruel," and "disgusting" would cease to bring shame upon the country. That much might be accomplished, though I know very well that the present violent unrest and exasperation can never be allayed until a Liberal or Conservative Government has the wisdom to concede the justice of the women's claim.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

National Liberal Club, July 22nd, 1914.

## THE PLUMAGE PROTECTION BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You were good enough to give the cause of the birds a very powerful leading article some six months ago, in advocacy of the Plumage Prohibition Bill.

The Bill is now at a most critical stage, and we should be most grateful for a push from THE NATION. It has, as you know, been through Committee, and now awaits Report stage and third reading. There is no doubt of the majority in its favor in the House. The danger lies in the absence of spurring from the Liberal side of the House to ensure progress.

The Government no doubt wish to pass their Bill, but the opposition from the trade has been unexpectedly tiresome, and the general programme is heavy. They want to be assured that it is regarded as important and urgent.

The Conservative Party are ready to give the Government every support on the question. Continental nations are awaiting our lead. The United States, who obtained their prohibition measure nearly a year ago, are keenly watching. Even the trade fully expect the Bill. It will assuredly be regarded as a sign of almost incredible weakness if, after the second reading by 297 to 15, and the fight put up by only five or six members in Committee, a measure like this is not proceeded with. Directly, of course, it means no accession of votes. On the other hand, to drop it will not gain any.

The trade, through their four or five representatives, are exerting every effort to relegate the Bill to the end-of-the-session massacre. For this purpose they have entered six pages of amendments to the next stage; but as these are the same old things which have been thrashed out and rejected in Committee, it is preposterous that the time of the House should be further wasted by them. It is still more preposterous that the greed and cunning of a little knot of traders should have any chance to outwit and defeat the verdict of Parliament, of the nation, and of naturalists the world over.

Failure now would throw the movement back all over the world. It is unthinkable that the hand should now be withdrawn from the plough.

Meantime slaughter and sales go on. At the June sale in London the "osprey" plumes accounted for some 100,000 egrets and herons.

Apologizing for trespassing on your time.—Yours, &c.,

L. GARDINER.

### THE EDUCATIVE SIDE OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The Volunteer Movement in Ireland is attracting so much notice in the world of politics that we are apt to overlook the wide influence it may exercise in other directions. It would be impossible to over-estimate the value to any civilized country of a genuine desire on the part of its young men and women to equip themselves thoroughly for all the duties of defence, and so put an end to the necessity for that plague spot, a standing army. One of the most cruel wrongs which England has done to Ireland is this maintaining in her midst of a crowd of idle men, unmarried by compulsion, and by so imposing within certain areas alien and outworn standards of morality. Ireland is a country of early marriage, it is admittedly the most moral among civilized countries—not entirely because of race, for Celts in other countries obey lower ideals; not because of religion, for the Roman Church finds her children further south less docile; not altogether because of climate, for in the same latitude and in similar climates again we find an extraordinarily different way of life. It is an Irish peculiarity which we must accept without explaining. No one who has not seen it can have any idea of what it means to introduce—nay, to enforce, among a naturally moral people the conditions found in an English regiment, with its scandalous provision for marriage “on the strength” of 4 per cent. Prostitution in such a place is of a horror of degradation beyond what is known in England.

With a real citizen army maintaining its efficiency by voluntary service, the need for this underpaid, unemployed army would disappear. And instead there would be a real live force in being, from which the finest army in the world could be recruited for a genuinely United Kingdom at the moment when any crying need should arise. It is the hope in Ireland that England will recognize the Volunteers as a friendly, and not a hostile, element.

In country towns and villages the Volunteer movement has brought back the one element that was lacking to give interest and charm to life. No game that was ever played is so fine as this game. No scheme to outbid the public-house was ever so simple and so successful as this scheme; last month's handful of rogues at a corner, idly open to any suggestions of mischief, in this month's smart company of alert, responsible, Irish Volunteers. Every village—east, and south, and west—tells the same tale.

And that is not the whole story. Even in Ireland, where the obsession of a political grievance has prevented the spread of modern ideas, the woman's movement has been making steady progress. In her struggle for freedom her women have always been held equal with her men in their right to serve and to suffer. In the Volunteer movement the modern Irishwoman has seen her opportunity. Centres are being formed all over the country for the training of women in the work of field service. Ambulance classes are only the outworks of the system, as it were, for all the arts of the Simple Life are included. The education of an Irish girl in Ireland hitherto has been almost medieval. The Volunteer movement is the most awakening, the most enlightening influence that has come into the world of the Irishwoman of every class for more than a hundred years. Work girls in distant places that cannot give actual service are sending their shillings to help to train their more fortunate sisters at home.

And let us never forget that it is Ulster that has shown the way! The work that has been done in Ulster in the last two years, by the men and women, in steady training for the service they believed was required of them, has made this great movement possible all over Ireland to-day. And not for the first time does Ulster lead! “On Friday, February 15th, 1782, the Ulster Volunteers held a convention of delegates from every citizen regiment of the province, in the Protestant Church of Dungannon, and adopted a charter of liberty to which they swore their faithful allegiance, denouncing as ‘unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance’—the claims of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind their Kingdom.” If Ulster has forgotten, for the moment, the rest of Ireland has not forgotten, that to the Northern Province Ireland has owed some of the finest names in the

roll of those who spent their lives in the cause of Ireland's freedom.—Yours, &c.,

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

33, Buckingham Mansions, N.W.

June 22nd, 1914.

### COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FOR POOR MOTHERS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The time has come when Londoners begin to dream of summer holidays. To many tired workers this is the crowning event of the year. I am pleading for tired workers who can look forward to no such joy. They will have to live in close rooms all through the hot months of July and August, without a hope of green fields and fresh air, unless help is given to them. A poor working mother, who is the principal breadwinner of her family, said to one of our staff the other day: “Can you wonder that mothers sometimes put an end to themselves and their children?” She, poor thing, was exhausted and overdone with the toil and strain of her life. We know many of that class, and long to help them to a week or fortnight of rest and peace, away from care and noise.

Some are ill and some are sad, and the sick longing for the country comes over them as they wearily tread the baking pavements of London. For many a one the short country holiday means new strength, new hope, and power to face the struggle of life again courageously.

Will you help?—Yours, &c.,

KATHERINE PRICE HUGHES.

West London Mission, Kingsway Hall, W.C.

### THE DOGS' BILL.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is difficult to imagine that Sir Ronald Ross can himself believe the reason he has adduced for the defeat of the Dogs' Bill. He suggests that Members of Parliament, immediately after hearing lengthy and vehement speeches from medical members detailing the alleged benefits derived from experiments on dogs, voted against them on account of “pressure from their less enlightened constituents,” which must have been exercised at a remoter time; but that, afterwards, when they had time to think it over, they “perceived the irrationalism of the measure.” When men act on the spur of the moment, they usually do so on account of an immediate, not a remote, stimulus, and had the Members voted against the Bill from panic after the medical Members' speeches, and then perceived that many of the arguments of the latter were fallacious and repented of their action, such a change of attitude would have been natural. As things occurred, there can have been no change, only a certain amount of indifference, which prevented their attendance in the Committee Room when other Bills, which they may have considered more important, were being discussed in the House.

Sir Ronald Ross quotes “a distinguished man,” who suggests in “Nature” that both voters and the majority of Members of Parliament are fools. The “distinguished man” who on this occasion adopts his estimate of the voters from Carlyle may be reminded that Carlyle was an anti-vivisectionist, and might conceivably have included his distinguished self.

May I, through the hospitality of your columns, offer to any reader a verbatim report of the debate which was arranged by the efforts of Mr. H. G. Chancellor, M.P., in a Committee Room of the House of Commons, in order to show the medical arguments which may be used against experiments on dogs, as the House had only heard those in favor of such experiments. The debaters were Dr. Chapple, M.P., and Dr. W. R. Hadwen, J.P., President of the British Union. The next time the Committee met the opponents of the Bill moved their amendments without attempting to justify them.—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD.

(Secretary, British Union for Abolition of Vivisection.)

32, Charing Cross, S.W.

July 20th, 1914.

## Poetry.

## THE HOUSE OF HATE.

I CAME by way of dreams and poplar trees  
 Into a garden with the light dewfall.  
 Faint moths moved slowly where the grass was tall:  
 And faint with voices from a failing breeze,  
 The slow airs moved the dusks about that bide  
 In leaves at the advance of eventide.

The trees that rose around were near akin.  
 In twilight spires the tall Italian showed  
 Her grace of motioned green against the blue:  
 Yearning there was within  
 Her pliant sway—if there be any God.  
 And her dark cousinry the sky looks through  
 With calm divinest eyes—O God! how calm,  
 When to the evening larks have left their psalm  
 On high, and weary men  
 Under black poplars' pensive umbrages  
 Watch the day end upon some lonely road—  
 Were many there. As I stood under these,  
 In whose curved limbs the winds are visible,  
 I knew they harbored other than the breeze  
 Could whisper of—when all the leaves were still.

Came there no nightingales  
 To lure men listening.  
 But even as a man who fails  
 To hear albeit he grasps the sense  
 Of some uncloistered eloquence  
 From the soul's inmost shrinal place,  
 I heard the whole dark worshipping  
 Within that umbrage still and high;  
 Even as one who deems he sees God's face  
 Speak on the clouds that sunsets bring,  
 Yet as he hears that silence in the sky,  
 He hears not anything.

Came there no footfall on the grass,  
 Nor on the dim flagstones—  
 O'er which the moss did pass  
 In the slow company of years.  
 No scythe, no gardener had moved among  
 The rank grass and the wood weeds and the throng  
 Of docks and light cow-parsley—all that dwells  
 In the green waste. There archangels  
 And nettles rude, their paler-lipped compeers,  
 Were marshalled in high-grown battalions.  
 And I felt—more than once  
 Heard—in the atmosphere  
 That rises from the strong wild things that come  
 From Nature and with solitude  
 Make their inseparable home,  
 From all their green wide brotherhood  
 Whose breathing falls into her secret ear,  
 A silence that had taught my lips to pray  
 Could I have stood as still, and breathed as they,  
 Were God come near to earth as they are near.

It might not be—mayhap it *could* not be!  
 Though heaven's pulse go strangely for the dawn  
 Till eyes cleansed of their sloth may see  
 The open heart of Deity  
 As with Light's universal come-and-go  
 Athrob within a holy azure's breast—  
 Ay, though the sunset serve to show  
 How silence grows, as clouds grow, in the west  
 To continental vastnesses withdrawn  
 Beyond the sensual world's geodesy—  
 If these things lie upon man's Holy Quest  
 They lie afar: he needs not break his rest.  
 But in the garden there was that come close  
 To earth, which troubled all the blood in me.  
 It was not that the God in me  
 Was less than in the swarth,  
 Nor less than in those nettles of the earth

Which stood so still, or in the trees which rose  
 Mute emblems of their own aspiring prayers.  
 But as some sleeper, dreaming, wakes and knows  
 The thing that troubled him so unawares  
 Was one spoke somewhere in sleep's undergrove  
 And, ere his eyelids scarce could move  
 From off his eyes,  
 Gone scattered in the further skies  
 Widely as are the vagrant tribes of stars,  
 So surely I was troubled in some wise.  
 And the unquiet in me sought to prove  
 The likeness of a God in that dim place  
 Where the vague light fell on my face  
 With hints of worship and of sacrifice.

And, as I turned below the boughs,  
 Behold! from out a shade of saughs, that keep  
 Their golden lure and torches bright with March  
 In windy woods, but here a shadow deep  
 Under faint lights of heaven's soundless arch,  
 There rose the wan-walled vision of a house  
 With all its windows shuttered, blind—  
 A ghostly thing without its eyes. . . .  
 I shrank as one, that has with Vesper been  
 When she comes to some woodside holy-fair,  
 Made there to see obscene things to his shame.  
 For some stark Hatred, big with sin  
 Of its own incest, had grown monstrous there—  
 Had shown its shadow to the walls till they  
 Grew pregnant also with that shameful mark,  
 Which like a birthmark might not pass away.  
 Through stone the horror stained the outside air!  
 God knows what ghastly image lay behind.  
 And I was glad that it was dark,  
 As one whom day in front of all his kind  
 Has branded, who stands naked in his name.

Oh! For that still unblotted name, MAN, oh!  
 All things then from the grass up filled with prayer,  
 Surely! ay, as from gradual night men guess  
 The birth of stars, surely as to the fells  
 Blencathra towers and darkling tells  
 Of strong stars rising in their silentness  
 From night's grey breasts that were the eastern hills:  
 Surely!—if there be any holy spot  
 Not builded of hand labor, by man's thought  
 Not blessed; but, for its sanctity, somewhere  
 It lies along the Day's End, when the sun  
 On his last stage into the hills must go—  
 That pilgrim's way whereon  
 Is holiness by holiness,  
 If there be signs set Godward men may know.

If holiness be prayer, with praying grass  
 And poplars whose lithe arms were supplicants—  
 With even the rough nettles among weeds  
 A myriad mute race of worshippers,  
 The garden filled. As through a glass,  
 When night is thickly come on a strange land  
 Men watching there see pass  
 The shadow of things more than they understand,  
 And cry out to their fellows of some chance  
 That is toward and how that something stirs,  
 Because the blood between their hearts and heads  
 Goes whitely from the sudden leap of fears,  
 I saw and cried. And if with answer none  
 Spake to me, yet meseemed I saw God's hand  
 Raised—and the House of Hate was gone!

More holy than that place  
 I know of none. I know  
 That there was that therein  
 More holy than my life had often been  
 Which could efface  
 The shame whereof our name still stands confessed,  
 As of some beast-mark in man's breast:  
 Or, dreaming, I was brought to deem it so.

JOHN HELSTON.



## Reviews.

### IBSEN.

"*Œuvres Complètes de Henrik Ibsen.*" Traduction de P. G. LA CHESNAIS. Tome I. Œuvres de Grimstad (1847-1850). (Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. Paris, 1914.)

FRANCE WAS at one time rather behind the rest of Europe in her appreciation of Ibsen. One imagined (perhaps not quite without reason) that the lack of any kinship between the French and the Norwegian languages rendered translation peculiarly difficult, and thus made Ibsen more foreign to the French intelligence than to that of Germany, or even of England. But it often happens in things of the spirit, no less than in material achievement, that a nation which has for some time lagged behind makes a sudden spurt, and takes the lead in the race. This is what France is doing in regard to the study of Ibsen. The edition of his works, of which the first volume has been issued by the Nouvelle Revue Française, promises to be by far the completest and most scholarly that has yet appeared. The translator and editor, M. la Chesnais, has set about his task with an enthusiastic diligence which cannot be overpraised. The edition, if completed on the scale of this opening volume, will be monumental, and, as nearly as possible, exhaustive. Not often, assuredly, has such a tribute been paid by foreign scholarship to an author so recent, and whose genius, but yesterday as it seems, was so bitterly disputed.

M. la Chesnais has an advantage over the editors of the great Norwegian and German editions of Ibsen in coming to his task some ten years later. Since the poet's death in 1906, and since the publication of his "Literary Remains" five years ago, numerous articles and studies have appeared which throw light upon his biography, and especially upon the history and chronology of his youthful writings. M. la Chesnais has acquainted himself not only with all that has been published, but with one or two unpublished investigations of this order. He has ransacked public and private libraries in Norway, has gone through the files of old newspapers, and has, in fact, lived over again, almost month by month, the years of Ibsen's adolescence. The order of publication adopted is chronological, and the present volume contains the "Works of Grimstad"—the poems, prose fragments and play ("Catilina") which Ibsen wrote while he was a druggist's apprentice in that little seaport, between his nineteenth and his twenty-second year. The poems are ushered in by sixty-four pages of biography, setting forth all the information that Norwegian industry has gleaned as to the poet's circumstances and associations during the Grimstad period. To "Catilina," too, is prefixed an introduction of more than thirty pages; while an appendix enables us to compare the original form of the play with the revised version which Ibsen published in 1875. In short, this volume contains all that Ibsen wrote before his removal to Christiania in 1850, and all that is known about his life and the genesis of his writings. It is a veritable encyclopædia of information for the period it covers. The reader may think that, in stating the number of pages of M. la Chesnais's introductions, I offer a poor guarantee of their merit. But, as a matter of fact, they do not contain a single line of padding or of idle verbiage. They are packed with solid information, sometimes trivial, no doubt, but always relevant and helpful. They are so admirably done that their length affords a real measure of their value.

The poems and "Catilina," which is written in verse, are rendered line for line, but without any rhymes. Having myself attempted this method in a version of "Peer Gynt," I am naturally predisposed in its favor. In that version, my brother and I preserved, to the best of our ability, the metres of the original. M. la Chesnais, too, "has endeavored," he says, "not to let the rhythmic cadence be altogether lost"; but his task was incomparably more difficult than ours, inasmuch as French seems to lack entirely the accentual system which is common to Norwegian and English. Being very inexperienced in French prosody, I am unable to judge of his success, and can only say that I cannot catch the metrical

effect of his otherwise spirited and very faithful translations. One copy of verses, "The Miller Boy," goes in the original to the melody of a well-known folk-song, "Aa kjöre vatn, aa kjöre ved," but it seems absolutely impossible to fit the French words to the tune.

These early verses of Ibsen's are remarkably accomplished in form, and empty of thought. It is hard to discover in them anything characteristic of his maturity, except the political indignation expressed with a certain rhetorical vigor in the series of sonnets entitled "Scandinavians Awake!" Perhaps the most interesting of all the Grimstad poems is the very first, which shows him already beset by that doubt as to his own calling and election which haunted him far into manhood—indeed, until he came into his kingdom with "Brand." Here is M. la Chesnais's rendering of the verses:

#### RÉSIGNATION.

Sont-elles, ces lueurs du fond de l'âme,  
qui à travers les ténèbres ont jailli,  
et devraient briller comme des éclairs,  
nées seulement pour l'éternel oubli?  
Si elle était vaine, mon ambition,  
si mon rêve n'était qu'un fantôme,  
si l'essor de l'âme m'est interdit,  
si mes vers sont froids et vides!  
alors, taisez-vous, voix intérieures!  
Si je ne peux pas vous comprendre,  
laissez moi parmi la foule  
vivre oublié, oublié disparaître!

Not the least admirable feature of this volume, however, has yet to be mentioned. It is a general introduction of 135 pages on "La Littérature et la Société en Norvège vers 1850." It might be more briefly entitled "Ibsen's Literary Antecedents." Starting from 1814, the year of Norway's separation from Denmark, it traces the growth of a national literature from nothing at all (for the Norwegian writers of the previous century had been practically absorbed into Danish literature), sketches admirably the characters of the two great poets of the first half of the century, Wergeland and Welhaven, and gives a spirited account of the feud that divided them. Moreover, it depicts the social conditions of the time, with the conflict between the townsfolk and the peasants; notes the earliest stirrings of theatrical life in Norway; and (most important of all) gives a brief but illuminating survey of the Danish literature from which that of Norway had so recently branched off. With this excellent introduction there is only one fault to be found—a fault of omission. M. la Chesnais takes us back to Oehlenschläger, whose career exactly covers the first half of the nineteenth century; but he ought really to have begun his survey a century earlier, with Holberg, the founder of the Danish-Norwegian drama and theatre, and a spiritual ancestor whom Ibsen revered and loved. His boyish enthusiasm for Oehlenschläger was, of course, an influence not to be overlooked; but it was evanescent in comparison with the influence of Holberg. Perhaps M. la Chesnais may find something to say on this subject when he comes to deal with Ibsen's comedies. The edition is to be completed in seventeen volumes.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

### AN EXPERIMENT IN FICTION.

"*The Death of a Nobody.*" By JULES ROMAINS. Translated by DESMOND MACCARTHY and SYDNEY WATERLOW. (Latimer. 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a novel which is of unusual interest as a literary experiment. Whether it is an entirely successful experiment is another matter. We are inclined to compromise by describing it as an exquisite *tour de force*. M. Romains has gone far beyond Thackeray in regard to giving us a novel without a hero. He sets before us here no imitation of the actions and passions of a living man. He portrays Jacques Godard, the ruling figure of the book, not in terms of actions and passions, but in terms of the impressions he leaves in the memories of other people and of the influences his memory has on their lives. It is only as a poor ghost, indeed, that Godard ever cuts anything of a figure in the

world. Even while he is alive, his memory is a thousandfold greater cause of excitement than his living presence.

One gets the key to the book in an early passage which describes the adventures of Godard's memory in the "little slate-roofed house" in the village in which his aged father and mother lived:—

"The memory of Jacques filled the big kitchen, diffusing itself between floor and rafters with the smell of burning logs, brushing the table, reflecting itself in little mirrors made by a glass of wine or water, crouching in front of the sooty hearth and flying sparks, thrilled through and through by the cosy vibrations of the kitchen clock. In the summer dusk, the old people, sitting side by side in the yard, the father on the pole of a cart, the mother in a chair with her work or an ebony rosary in her lap, would begin dreaming. Their son would be between them, between the pole of the cart and the rickety chair. With them he would taste the mountain air and feel the evening breeze refreshing the leaves. Jacques was with them, invisible, beloved; a younger Jacques, with brown hair, round face, and neat moustache. He spoke the patois; his jokes and mischievous tricks were all remembered, and they would fain have thrown their arms about him. When a letter came he began to live even more intensely, almost, indeed, as though his body itself was there. At such times he was more like himself, too, wrinkled, with grey hairs on his temples and twinges of rheumatism when rain was in the air. The news that a letter had come ran up the village street, scattered, and went in at every cottage door, like the chickens from other people's yards. Everybody knew that Jacques had written home, that he was still in town, that he had recovered from an influenza. These straws kindled a fire which kept his memory warm. All the village called Godard to mind. On such occasions he was present wherever anyone sat up at night. He went with them to barn doors with lantern and stool to milk the sleepy cows.

"Thus it was that Godard, detached from himself, floated upon the world like a spray of sea-weed torn from its rock."

So much for the living Godard. It will be seen that it is the interest of his absence, not of his presence, that M. Romaines paints. But the man dies on page 11. After that we go in pursuit of the memory, not of a living man, but of a dead one. We begin with the study of the impression made by his death on the porter and the other tenants in the house in Paris in which he died. In his death he became a quite important person. He became a centre of fuss, of movement—one might say, of life. Dramatic happenings gathered round his memory like clusters of bees. The real Jacques Godard, the superannuated engine-driver, had been as ineffectual as dust and shadow. This nobody, however, no sooner became a ghost than he was a little Napoleon in his power to change the face of things. He entered upon a "second life" immensely fuller and more varied than the first.

One can but praise the skill and delicate poetry with which M. Romaines traces the history of this second life—the natural history of a ghost. Not that one is ready to endorse in every detail his interpretation of the mind of the different crowds affected by the memory of the dead man. We are told, for instance, that, when the medical officer arrived at the house in which the death had taken place, the thoughts of the women in the house "began to wander: 'After all, these things have their good side; they bring well-dressed people into the house.'" We believe that to intellectualize the mood of the crowd in this way is to lose the subtlety of reality. No doubt, the women felt that pleasurable excitement; but they did not think the matter out clearly like that. The point may seem a small one. Psychologically, it is of extreme importance. That sentence is characteristic of the deliberate intellectualism which marks the whole book. One is conscious of the same deliberateness in many of the images in which the novel abounds. For example, we are told of Godard that "he read little, because he felt it tiresome to go on adding new ideas to what he had known since childhood, as extra carriages are added to a train." Often the images are exceedingly happy, as in the description (in the long passage we have quoted) of the news of Godard's letters going in at the cottage doors, "like the chickens from other people's yards." But too often they are brought in, not naturally, but as careful afterthoughts—"as extra carriages are added to a train."

Let no lover of intellectual excitement, however, hesitate to turn to M. Romaines's book. The description of the old father's journey to Paris, with the dead man's ghost as the hero of the hour in the diligence and the railway-train, is a brilliant piece of work, and one cannot easily forget how the ghost quelled the riot as Godard's body was carried through the streets to the graveyard. The book is really an essay in illustrated philosophy. As Mr. MacCarthy says in his preface, it "is full of instances of 'group consciousness,' such as M. Durkheim has elaborated and classified," and it is really a study of the consciousness of the dissolving groups which the memory of the dead man visits. We confess we could not look forward with pleasure to a school of fiction on the same lines. We believe, if we may so put it, in centripetal rather than centrifugal fiction. But, meanwhile, it must be conceded that M. Romaines has carried the novel of analysis a step further than it has ever been carried before. He has analyzed, not a man, but the hastening world through which a man's memory passes like—to adopt one of his own images—a railway-train through a disappearing world of houses, posts, and fields. We are grateful, provided he does not encourage too many imitators. In conclusion, we must not fail to put on record our gratitude to the translators for so admirable an English version of this "Post-Impressionist novel."

#### THE PROBLEM OF BOY LABOR.

"Boy Life and Labor." By ARNOLD FREEMAN. (King. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE is nothing new in the existence of a problem of boy labor; it began a century ago with the industrial revolution, when the death-blow was given to that system of training carefully guarded by custom or enforced by legislative enactment. What is new is the recognition of its transcendent importance in all schemes designed to promote the efficiency of the race. When we are confronted with an army of unemployed and unemployable, distinguished by a low order of intelligence and a yet lower standard of physical fitness, when Labor Exchange officers comment on the difference, measured by the demand of the Labor Market, between the boy fresh from school and the boy as he is a couple of years later; when employers lament the failing skill and power of adaptation among their hands, and trade union leaders deplore the increasing lack of discipline and responsibility among those they are supposed to lead; when all these evils surge up, we are beginning to understand that their seat lies in the neglect of the youth of the country. All who have turned their attention to the subject, whether Royal Commissions, municipal authorities, consultative committees, and that large number of independent students, have diagnosed the evil in the same way, and have advocated, more or less, the same treatment for its removal.

It is not therefore surprising that Mr. Freeman—the latest of the writers on the question—should fail to find anything strikingly novel to say about the nature of the evil or its remedy. What is new and valuable in his book is the statement of the problem in terms of individual boys. He has selected seventy-one boys in their seventeenth year for special and detailed study. He has surveyed the whole environment of these boys, and personally investigated all the conditions that went to the making or marring of their career. The boy himself, his home, his parents, his school, his places of employment, his methods of spending his leisure, whether at music-hall, picture palace, football, or cricket match, down to the routine of each day's doings—all these things, each a factor in the lad's development, have been examined in the most painstaking fashion by the author. This elaborate piece of work has not been done before, and the results form a highly valuable contribution towards a branch of social research. Apart from its use, from the scientific standpoint, the volume makes excellent reading. The boys' own diaries, kept at Mr. Freeman's request, the studies of cinemas with programmes appended, the critical examination of cheap boy literature, with a digest of contents, the description of actual processes carried on in the workshop, form very human documents, and should attract

those who care more for the individual than for the general or the type.

The author's method of selecting his seventy-one boys was excellent. He took from the files of the Birmingham Labor Exchange the name of each boy, at the time of the inquiry, in his seventeenth year, who "had had four or more jobs since he left school. It is the common practice in Birmingham for all but the 'superior' boys to change their jobs frequently. The 'superior' boy (usually making for the highly paid or better-class manual work) tends to remain in one job, or change but rarely. By taking all boys with four or more jobs to their record, I therefore excluded this class." Seventy-one of these boys were traced, and formed the subject of the inquiry. Mr. Freeman is probably right in claiming that they are "typical of the mass of uneducative boy labor in Birmingham, which enlists the services of well above half, and probably about three-quarters, of all the juvenile population." Birmingham is not so dissimilar from other towns that we need regard conditions there as in any way exceptional. These seventy-one boys may, then, be taken as typical of boys elsewhere; and the conclusions founded on their study may fairly be claimed to apply to something like half the boy population of the country. The reader must be referred to the book itself for the detailed account of the evils revealed, of which the following is the summary:—

"1. The bulk of the work done by boys requires little or no skill, and is in itself uneducative.

"2. The hours of juvenile labor are so long as to make it impossible or difficult for the boy to continue his education in his leisure; their effect being, in fact, to drive him into contact with undesirable social influences, which tend to demoralize him.

"3. The work required of the boy is, in most cases, of a nature that does not develop his physique healthily or adequately.

"4. Contact with other youths and men in his employment has in a very large number of cases a deteriorating influence upon the boy fresh from school.

"5. The frequency with which the boy can and does change his jobs renders him unstable in character, makes effective supervision impossible, and makes him 'suspect' to employers when he becomes a man.

"6. On reaching manhood, the youth has no guarantee of permanent employment; he is not infrequently turned from his job on demanding adult wages; and in any case he finds himself unable to command a wage sufficient for the needs of a comfortable life."

No better summary of the evil connected with the problem of boy labor could well be given. It is founded on the investigations of the author, and is also in accord with the experience of others. Mr. Freeman rightly points out that certain of these evils are inseparably connected with the industrial organization of to-day, and cannot be removed without a revolution; but the majority admit of remedy. The central evil is the evil of an uncontrolled and undisciplined youth, and the remedy lies in some measure of control—control of hours and control of continued education. This has all been said before, and we are still left waiting. The book should come as a final challenge to the sincerity of those who in high places talk much and loudly of their interest in the poor, and do nothing but talk. For a country which neglects its youth is a country drifting speedily to destruction.

#### A HISTORY OF PAINTING.

"Six Centuries of Painting." By RANDALL DAVIES. (Jack. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVERY serious student of painting must have deplored the unavoidable difficulties under which he labored, in consequence of the quite inadequate illustrations which adorn the text of even the very best of the ordinary art-manuals. The most illuminating criticism, when divorced from the original to which it refers, conveys little more than does a ground-plan of the proportions and æsthetic charm of some triumph of architecture; while, to remedy this deficiency, the sole

resource of the producers of such books has been to pepper the text with photographic reproductions of almost microscopical dimensions. Even in the case of monographs, where considerations of space are not of such paramount importance, conditions are not much more favorable to the researches of the student, for black-and-white reproductions of whatever quality show us only half—and that not the most important part—of the painter's work. We cannot evade the fact that color, not line, is the real medium of the painter, and photographic reproductions in which color can only be very faintly suggested hardly do more than reveal the skeleton upon which the picture is built. Hitherto, such volumes as have appeared in which any successful attempt to cope with this problem has been made have usually dealt with some very restricted field of inquiry, and have been of prohibitive cost.

In this dismal state of affairs, "Six Centuries of Painting" forms a welcome exception to the rule, for the book is embellished with a series of reproductions—apparently by the three-color process—which, if they have not reached absolute perfection in their fidelity to the original colors, mark a nearer approach to it than anything we have yet seen, enabling the reader to appreciate the characteristic color-scheme of the painter, and providing him with some of the æsthetic joy to be derived from contemplation of the original picture.

Mr. Davies has essayed an ambitious task in undertaking to guide us through the intricacies of six centuries of painting—from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century—though the title really suggests a wider field than the book actually covers. While it would perhaps be pedantic to contend that such a survey should contain some mention of the work of quite extraordinary merit which has been achieved by such countries as India, China, and Japan, we are certainly led to expect a somewhat fuller treatment of the nineteenth century than is afforded by a consideration of the art of a few hardly representative painters, chosen exclusively from France and England. Still, we must remember that a book of these dimensions can hardly be more than an anthology, and the question as to which names should be retained and which rejected must be largely a question of taste on the part of the anthologist. It is important, too, before hastily criticising Mr. Davies's book, to ascertain clearly its purport. It is not in any sense of the word a critical manual, but a general survey of the history of painting, understanding by that term "pictures painted upon panel or canvas in tempera or oils"—a definition which has at least the advantage of enabling us to start the first chapter with Cimabue and his contemporaries.

The standpoint of the historian is, of course, vastly different from that of the critic. Where the critic sees the painters of all nations and ages ranked side by side in a single plane, and distinguished only by the criterion of personal merit, the historian sees them set one behind the other in the diminishing ratio of historical perspective, a point of view which explains the dismissal of such important painters as Piero della Francesca and Luca Signorelli in a dozen lines, and the bestowal of a score of pages on a notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Davies can rarely be induced to give expression to his own opinions, preferring, with refreshing modesty, to quote, wherever possible, the words of established critics, and explaining his rather unusual attitude by the naïve contention that "in some cases a dead lion is decidedly better than a live dog." Where, however, this means that we are to form our estimate of a painter from the writings of his contemporary critics the benefit of this self-denying policy seems to be rather open to question.

In his rôle of historian, Mr. Davies naturally makes no attempt at original research, his book being founded both as to facts and opinions upon older handbooks, and containing many of the anecdotes from Vasari, that a more trenchant criticism might have swept aside as mythical, to the consequent loss, no doubt, of the picturesqueness of the narrative. Nor can it be denied that he shows considerable dexterity in weaving his mass of facts and quotations into a connected story, and, while he cannot be described as a facile writer, he is able through his long discourse to maintain a uniform prose which, if it have no purple patches, is never dull and always readable.



## THE CHIEF CORNER-STONE.

"The Chief Corner-Stone." Edited by W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D. (Kelly. 5s. net.)

Of the larger and more important Protestant Churches, the Wesleyan body has the name of being the most conservative. It originated in a distinctly religious revival; it served as a barrier between the English middle classes and what were then called "French ideas," speculative and political: it was the Lutheranism of the eighteenth century, the Calvinism of the age being represented by the Presbyterian and Independent Churches, which launched out upon larger seas. A certain Scottish fire burned in the former; the latter stood, and stands, for the intellectual *élite* of English Nonconformity. The Wesleyans, if their equals in spiritual power, were less adventurous and had less initiative; they "abode in their tents."

It is, perhaps, not fanciful to see in the title of these "Essays towards an exposition of the Christian Faith for to-day" by leading members of the Methodist Connection an indication of the traditional attitude of their Church. They will build—the development of thought and the needs of their people make it imperative to do so; but they will build on the Corner-Stone which has been from the beginning the foundation of Christian character and of the Christian Church. The book corresponds, *mutatis mutandis*, to "Foundations." Each is an essay in re-statement; an attempt to distinguish between an unchanging substance and its changing forms:—

"It may be said that the Christian faith needs no new exposition; it may also be said that it needs fresh exposition in every generation. Both statements are true, and they are easily reconciled by those who believe that a faith which does not change in its essential features needs a continually renewed rendering in terms of the changing vocabulary and changing habits of thought that mark every new century and epoch. That some periods of history make great and clamant demands for such restatement, whilst in others comparatively little need of it is felt, is a fact too obvious to require comment."

In such subject-matter perspective is the first requisite; the filling in may be left to time. The Jackson controversy was settled, it will be remembered, in a sense favorable to liberty; and it is probable that the lines on which the Connection moves will widen. As far, however, as the present volume is concerned, the sketching in of detail shows a certain weakness; the writers have much to learn from Anglican theologians of the type of Dr. Sanday. Of the Miraculous Birth, e.g., we are told that "we have the account in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke"; and "that there is nothing to indicate that the story is less literal in meaning than the rest of the Gospels." In the present state of the question, this is almost disingenuous; and the same must be said of the treatment of the Atonement: "the common disparagement of Atonement as forensic, legal, juridical, is singularly perverse." Greater knowledge and greater sympathy are needed by the apologist who would "make both one." It is but fair to say that the note struck in a later essay, that of Dr. Workman, is more helpful:

"Doctrines have a life of their own, and a development of their own. They are in no wise stereotyped lifeless formulae. If they were, they would soon have perished in a world that is itself in constant flux. A simple illustration may make our meaning clearer. We will take the doctrine of the Atonement. Few doctrines are more cardinal. Here, if anywhere, we strike bed-rock; here, if anywhere, we might perhaps expect a changeless formula or explication. As a matter of fact, there is no doctrine which has more changed from age to age, both in its formula and its explication. The reason is not far to seek. Just because it is a fundamental fact of life, there is no doctrine which has more powerfully demonstrated its vitality, by its unceasing attempt to interpret itself in new terms to the life and thought of successive ages. The Cross and the Divine Sufferer remains the same; but the superscription written thereon is in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin."

It should also be in English. The Bampton Lecturer for 1915, Canon Rashdall, who has, we believe, chosen the Atonement as his subject, has in it a unique opportunity. No living theologian is better qualified to use it worthily and well.

## AN ULSTER OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"Recollections of Sixty Years." By the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES TUPPER, Bart. (Cassell. 16s. net.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of the great are not always interesting, but they ought to be so. This is hardly an autobiography at all; it is hardly more than a collection of extracts from old correspondence and old speeches. To Canadians it will be of the highest historical importance, for colonials are naturally keen about their own beginnings; to Englishmen it will be disappointing, for what they would like would be some insight into the early life of the greatest of our dominions. Sir Charles is the last survivor of these "Fathers of the Confederation" who gathered in that most famous of caravanserais, the Westminster Palace Hotel in London half-a-century ago, for the purpose of making Canada a nation. He was one of the founders of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was one of the Conservative leaders who imposed upon Canada her Protectionist policy. It was he who, in the heat of debate, actually coined the misleading phrase for it, "The National Policy." In recent years he has come to be looked upon by our Imperialist reactionaries as an oracle, and every word of his is treasured by them. The dry air of Canada must confer a peculiar toughness of fibre. No other part of the civilized world has produced nonagenarians of the quality of the late Lord Strathcona and Sir Charles Tupper. The one died the other day at the age of 92; the other writes the story of a vehement and active life in the over-maturity of his 93rd year. It is another sign of this Canadian toughness that age has not mellowed this Grand Old Man of the Empire. He has none of the detachment and magnanimity of age. One would expect an old warrior, who had hung up his arms, to forget and forgive old enmities, to realize that all sorts make a nation, to think only of the common achievement, to feel that neither side in a past quarrel was wholly right or wholly wrong, and that out of old contentions there eventually came the compromise that was the solution. Not so with this fierce veteran. His reminiscences are intensely—sometimes ferociously—partizan; almost incredibly egotistic, but rarely personal or intimate. He is still as bitter and implacable as half-a-century ago. The Liberals, with such leaders as Blake and Laurier, are invariably wicked, grasping, corrupt, unfair, unpatriotic; the Conservatives always right, far-seeing, without vice of any kind. Such scandals as the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal of 1872 are not scandals at all; they are "slanders" and Liberal party "shibboleths." It is just this implacability of retrospect that makes Sir Charles Tupper's reminiscences valuable. Reading them, we live by proxy the old battles over again; we enter into the burning questions of the past, and feel their heat and blaze. A more gracious, less partizan, and egotistical survey would have been perhaps less essentially truthful; it would have been more difficult to make the necessary allowances.

In the Confederation struggle, as Sir Charles tells of it, one finds an almost uncanny parallelism with the Irish struggle of the present hour. He was a Confederationist because he was a Canadian Nationalist. In his first chapter he quotes from a remarkable speech that he made in favor of Confederation in 1860. In that speech he refers again and again to the Canadian "nationality" that would emerge from the welding together of the rival colonies; to the ignoring or maltreatment of divided Canada by the Imperial authorities; to a future nation of "British Americans" (the term "Canadians" had then a restricted meaning, constituting an "integral" portion of the Empire. There was a rival policy. It was that of direct representation in the Imperial Parliament; Imperial citizenship as against Canadian citizenship. Its protagonist was Mr. Howes, Sir Charles Tupper's chief political opponent in Nova Scotia. To that policy Sir Charles was vehemently opposed. He was in essence a "Separatist," as we should say now.

In 1866, as Premier of Nova Scotia, he carried in the Parliament of Nova Scotia a resolution in favor of Confederation and for the sending of delegates to the London Conference. It was said afterwards that he used undue influence upon the Legislature to get this resolution carried. He attempts to meet the charge, but does not seem to meet it adequately, though, of course, it does not matter at this

distance of time and in view of the event. The British North America Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament on March 9th, 1867.

But Nova Scotia was really anti-Federationist, and, under Mr. Howe, prepared to resist. Howe had an alternative solution (something like the "Federal solution" that is now being talked of)—"a Federation of the Empire, with Colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. But he would have nothing to do with an independent, autonomous, and united Canada. He demanded that the Confederation Act should not be brought into force until it had been submitted to the people of the Maritime Provinces by plebiscite. John Bright, always a Centralist by instinct, was persuaded by Howe, and for a time lent his organ, "The Morning Star," to his support. Howe came over to London as head of a Nova Scotia deputation to demand "exclusion" from the Act. His attitude was out-and-out Carsonite. In his speeches he said that the people of the Province were being "dragooned" into an integral Canada. He used "his powerful influence," Sir Charles Tupper writes, "to fan the flames of discontent and passion. Howe used the Carsonite threats:—

"The sooner it is known, the better. The people of Nova Scotia are determined to defeat this idea of erecting a new dominion in British America. They are determined that not a pound of their capital shall go to paying the debts of Canada, that not an acre of their province shall pass under Canadian rule, and that not a man of their militia shall be marched up to the backwoods of Canada to fight the battles of faction or to prevent Canadians from burning down Parliament buildings or pelting Governors through the streets."

Is not the Orange flavor unmistakable?

Sir Charles Tupper went to plead with this Sir E. Carson of Nova Scotia in London. He asked him: "When you find out that the Imperial Government and the Imperial Parliament are overwhelmingly against you, what will be your next step?" Howe answered: "I have 800 men in each county of Nova Scotia who will take an oath that they will never pay a cent. of taxation to the Dominion, and I defy the Government to enforce Confederation." Here we have the Covenanters and the Provisional Government. Sir Charles Tupper replied much as Mr. Redmond replies now: "You have no power of taxation, Howe, and in a few years you will have every sensible man cursing you, as there will be no money for schools, roads, or bridges. I will not ask that troops be sent to Nova Scotia, but I shall recommend that if the people refuse to obey the law, that the Federal subsidy be withheld." Sir Charles went on to remind Howe that the "best element in the Province" were "heartily" against him.

The exactness of the parallel almost makes one gasp. But there were certain points of difference between the Nova Scotia of fifty years ago and the Ulster of to-day. For one thing, the Confederation Act was already law. For another, Nova Scotia was virtually united. When the first election took place in Confederated Canada, Sir Charles Tupper was the only supporter of Canadian unity elected in Nova Scotia. The Ulster of to-day has a majority of its elected representatives against exclusion. The Imperial Parliament, however, would not listen to Howe and his proposal for exclusion by a plebiscite of the province. The outcome was that not merely the Sir E. Carson of that time, but the Ulster he spoke for gave way; and Howe actually became a member of the first Cabinet of the Canadian Federation. Let us hope that this parallel with the Irish situation of to-day may go on to the same happy ending.

#### SYLVIA SAXON.

"*Sylvia Saxon.*" By ELLEN MELICENT COBDEN. (Unwin. 6s.)

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the novel as it is to-day is its pre-occupation with that silver lining which is the birthright of every true Englishman. The average novel is optimistic, for the simplest of all reasons—because it has no alternative. Its public—and by its public it lives and moves and has its livelihood—does not want tragedy, and will not have it; and so, going the shortest way about it, it denies the existence of

tragedy. It ignores it, as the Rationalist Society ignores the Salvation Army, as something vulgar and strident and irrelevant. But it recognises quite well that optimism is a little flat unless it is exciting, unless it is contrasted with, and triumphant over, apparently overwhelming obstacles. Hence, the exploitation of the word "rich." You know, of course, that all will be well, but you like to put a premium on this ultimate beatitude, to make it seem doubly secure, by telling situations grimy with tragic possibilities. And your daily novelist naturally does what he is told. A kindred optimism pervades the fiction of the more ambitious contemporary writers. Only it emanates more from them than their books. They are not afraid of tragedy. On the contrary, it gives a sharpness, a relish to self-expression. They do not write tragedy because they are fatalists, because their insight has penetrated the crimes and sorrows of the world, or because they have studied the maxims of Aristotle. No; it is experience, it is material, it is a means of extending their own horizon.

Some sort of a prologue of this kind is necessary to an understanding of "Miles Amber's" new book. For, in violent contradistinction to modern tendencies, it is a study in progressive futilities. It is no exaggeration to say that there is not a single character in the whole book who is not futile. The two protagonists, Sylvia and her mother, are aware of their futility; Sylvia at the close of the book, and her mother, one would imagine, with the glimmerings of consciousness—that is their tragedy. The others are not aware of it—that is tragedy for the reader.

We say "progressive," because "Miles Amber" has not been content with simply suggesting her atmosphere; she has expanded and intensified the effect of her study by making it architectural—by building and scaffolding it from corner-stone to apex. Sylvia's mother, in the first place, presides over and interprets in herself, as the chorus, the disorientations of the various groups. She is temperamentally futile, with a sombre and passive resignation to a lot which is inevitable, and which she desires to be inevitable; and she brings up her daughter with the half-blind, half-deliberate intention of making her inherit both her wealth and her confused inadequacy of purpose. Sylvia is doomed from the beginning. Her spleen and the preposterous egoism of her attitude to life, carefully fostered by her environment, drives her relentlessly into marriage with Jasper, the son and heir of a neighboring Liberal landowner. Jasper takes to drink; he is too stockish, too brutal, too vulgar to do anything else. His crudely indulgent father, with his ridiculous illusions as to his own importance, is but another Giant Despair to point the way to destruction. And there is Lessingham, the rising young Liberal politician, full of suavity and compromises, drifting from delusion to delusion in a vain attempt to make himself believe in them. He philanders with the idea of running away with Sylvia, but paralyzed by himself and by the aimless society he both uses and is deceived by, he has not the resolution; indeed, he is too occupied with running away from himself to run away with anybody else. Around these five are grouped a number of satellites, twittering feebly, like the ghosts in the *Æneid*. Anne, the adopted child of Sylvia's mother, trembles away her life in reticences and self-effacement. Fräulein Engelberg, Anne and Sylvia's governess, scolds and chirrup as vainly as a sparrow; and, enveloping these fruitless personalities like a shroud, is the abstract futility of a society in possession of every privilege, every security, every material benefit that the sweat and blood of a highly organized civilization can bestow upon them, wasting them all in the most inept, the most frivolous pursuit of everything that is blatantly worthless.

Now, here is a coherent picture, austere and faithfully drawn, without any of the shufflings and expediences of the novelist with one eye on his public and the other on his pocket. That in itself is an achievement vastly out of the common, and one that was badly needed. But the fault of the book is that "Miles Amber's" purpose is not outlined with the caustic, pointed, and concrete treatment that so rounded, so unrelieved a study demands. Material such as this must, if its weight is to fall plumb, be kneaded by a method corresponding to the aim of the artist. It must, that is to say, be thrown into sharp relief; its movement must be swift, its perspective clear and definite, and its proportions

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methodically exact; it must never escape from its strictly circumscribed boundaries into vagueness and superfluity. It must go straight through to its goal without lingering for a moment by the wayside; and its fabric must be concrete—concrete all the time. And that is just where "Miles Amber," for all the feeling, suggestion, and subtlety of her work, does not quite succeed. It may be from diffidence, or from straining and refining her subject too closely, or from actual choice; but, whatever it may be, she has not used the right kind of tools to the work. Her book, as a whole, produces a rather nebulous and elusive impression, which is exactly the kind of impression it should not give. A proof of this is that we were not at all sure, for a long time, whether we were being led, or whether or no "Miles Amber" were acutely conscious of her purpose, or even (the last of doubts) whether she actually intended her gallery of portraits to be the futilities they unquestionably are. We can scarcely conceive that she did not; it would be unfair to her to conclude that she did not; but it is a flaw on an otherwise original and extremely thoughtful book that she has not struck out her meaning with the utmost force and precision. Her style is perhaps partly responsible for this. It is a little too square, a little too opaque, and lacking in resilience to give vigorous shape to the kind of quarry she is pursuing in this book. How her method and her style would have suited another kind of book is a very different matter.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

- "The A B C of Collecting Old Continental Pottery." By I. F. BLACHER. (Stanley Paul. 5s. net.)  
 "First Steps in Collecting." By GRACE M. VALLOIS. (Laurie. 6s. net.)

THESE two volumes, in spite of their many points of difference, may both be trusted to appeal to the collector, or rather to one or the other of him. The difference between them is not so much that Mr. Blacher confines himself to Old Continental Pottery, whereas Miss Vallois ranges far and wide over furniture, pottery, and glass, as that Mr. Blacher has one conception of what the collector wants, and Miss Vallois another, in the way of literary instruction. The former's method is frankly historical; the latter's anecdotal, as if she were conducting us on a tour round the dealers' shops. Mr. Blacher transports us to the principal centres of France, Germany, Italy, Persia, and Spain, and imparts, under the headings of the various towns, a deal of information about the pottery industry connected therewith, historical and technical. His book is essentially learned in its text, abundant and useful in its illustrations, which include several pages of pottery marks, and workmanlike in the manner in which the body of the work and the appendices have been compiled. It is certainly less of a guide than a history: a book for the collector to browse over in his armchair, rather than for the beginner who is feverishly anxious to go forth and buy something. Miss Vallois's volume is a much less serious effort; but, while it is comparatively worthless to serious students, it may be commended for beginners, if only for the reason that the author assumes that the reader knows nothing about the subject. Its tone is perhaps a trifle too motherly, and it is over-fond of quoting from very recent authors and putting in little sentimental touches that have nothing to do with the case. But it should be popular with the collector who is really a novice at the game, and who dreads the more relentless exposure of his colossal ignorance by the severer tomes that are his alternative to a book of this kind.

- "Marlowe's Edward II." By WILLIAM RISMORE BRIGGS, Ph.D. (David Nutt. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE value of American research work, particularly among the Elizabethans, is too well established to be in need of much criticism or appreciation. But it will certainly have to be on its guard against that access of industry which delivers a piece of literature into the camp of pure scholarship. Professor Briggs's edition of "Marlowe's Edward II." is an illustration of this trickery. His commentary, which includes the 1594 text, copious annotations, and an extensive introduction, is as comprehensive and accurate an edition

as could be desired. For all that, Professor Briggs lacks a sense of selection and proportion. Portions of the notes might well have been abridged, and though the compilation, as a whole, is obviously intended more for the student than the layman, and more for the expert than the student, much of the expository matter supplies information which would be superfluous to the specialized class to whom the book appeals. Descriptions of who Danes was and the like, for instance, ought to have been omitted. The introduction, 130 pages long, is an inquiry into the origin, development, and decline of the chronicle play, fortified by ample reference and example. In so far as it is a survey, it is well done; but "Edward II." both as a play and as a feature in the evolution of the sixteenth-century historical drama, hardly receives its proper share of attention. And surely this tragic and noble play—in our opinion, a far more accomplished and effective piece of work than Shakespeare's "Richard III." which owes it so much—might have been more fully analyzed from the æsthetic point of view, particularly as Marlowe broke away so significantly from the conventional and traditional treatment when he wrote it. Lamb, otherwise a rather perverse critic of Elizabethan drama, was, at any rate, almost right when he said that "the death-scene of Marlowe's King moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted."

- "The Land of the Lotus." By J. M. GRAHAM. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is one of the liveliest books about India we have ever read. If the vulgar question, "Are we down-hearted?" were put to Mrs. Graham at the most embarrassing or perilous crisis of her varied career, she would always be ready with the regulation "No!" Nothing discourages her for a moment; nothing dulls her sense of absurdity. For years she lived out in the jungle—the real jungle—of Southern India; she smiled all the time, and came out smiling. Rats, cockroaches, snakes, decomposing tigers, washermen, thieves, native cooks, visitors, and husband—she smiles at them all, and her smile is irresistible. We are not sure that it killed the snakes, but it certainly drove a mad jackal sane. It is the wit of a merry-hearted Englishwoman, always the brighter in difficulty. The book, however slight, has real information, too, and any of the numerous brides who fill the outward-bound liners at the beginning of "cold weather" would find it a useful companion on the voyage. One's only regret is that Mrs. Graham does not tell us more about jungle life. Her account of a trip round the tourist sights of the North is cheerful and observant, like the rest, but hundreds have told us of Lucknow and Benares. The reality of life on a Travancore plantation is a very different business, and she is one of the few who have shown us what it means. But only too briefly.

#### The Week in the City.

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THE week at home and abroad has not been a favorable one to the Stock Exchange. Criticisms of the King's intervention in the Ulster crisis made the City nervous. The strike riots in Russia, the bitter feeling between Austria and Serbia, and the critical situation in Mexico City have all made for timidity and caution. Sir Felix Schuster's speech does not point to cheaper money, and the conditions in a number of small banking institutions in Paris are said to be unpleasantly precarious. Perhaps the feature of the last few days has been the extreme weakness in almost all the railway stocks—Home, American, Canadian, Argentine, and Brazilian. The American depression is partly due to less favorable crop reports, and as a result, the price-list looks extraordinarily low. Several of the lower-priced stocks, for example, are a mere fraction of the best prices recorded last

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year. The most interesting issue of the week has been the Vickers and Armstrong Construction Company for the naval arsenal at Constantinople. It is the result of a contract which apparently was secured with the assistance of the British Government, and all sorts of official and semi-official people are connected with the new company. No investor, however, who wants to make sure that his capital will remain intact will touch the concern, which is an addition to the Turkish debt. It is criticized more fully in a later note.

#### THE NEW HAVEN SCANDAL.

That remarkable new administrative body known as the Inter-State Commerce Commission, sent at the beginning of last week a most sensational report to the Senate of the United States on the scandalous mismanagement of the New Haven Railroad, which, under the Presidency of Charles Mellen, and under the domination of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, has lost from twelve to eighteen millions sterling of money. The Commission declares that for these losses, due to waste and mismanagement, some of the directors should be made legally responsible. On the Board of Directors were included such names as William Rockefeller, George F. Baker, Samuel Rea, and other well-known people in New York, Philadelphia, and the New England States, though they were not all members of the directorate during the whole period arraigned by the report. The Commissioners say that the directors were virtually dummies, who did what they were told, very much like the dummies in our own Grenfell companies. The details of mismanagement and illegality will not interest many English readers, but the increasing determination of the public authorities in the United States and of American investors to compel the directors of corporations to act honestly and efficiently on behalf of the shareholders, is a highly significant and encouraging sign. As the Commission puts it: "The insuring of honesty throughout the management of the great railroads of the country is a most important question before the people to-day, and only when, through exposure of wrongdoing and an awakened public conscience, coupled with effective laws, this result is produced, may railroading be placed on the high level that it should occupy. The revelations in this record make it essential for the welfare of the nation that the reckless and profligate financiering which has blighted this great railroad system be ended, and until this is fully done there will be no assurance that the story of the New Haven will not be told again with the stockholders of some other railroad system as the victims."

#### A TURKISH ARMAMENT INVESTMENT.

On Wednesday last, writes a City correspondent, a prospectus appeared offering £600,000 of 5½ per cent. bonds at 94 per cent., guaranteed by the Turkish Government. The bonds are nominally those of a company formed under Turkish law by Vickers' and Armstrong Whitworths', to build docks and lay down plant for the purpose of manufacturing warships for the Turkish Government. That is to say, Vickers' and Armstrongs' are not going to put much of their own or their shareholders' money into the business, presumably because it is too risky. They want the British investor to provide the funds at 5½ per cent. interest, and they will share the profits over this with the Turkish Government. The ordinary capital of the construction company is all water, as it is to be issued fully paid as to £120,000 to the Turkish Government and £80,000 to Vickers' and Armstrongs' jointly. The two firms actually put up £50,000 in 5½ per cent. preference shares at par and £100,000 in bonds at 94 towards the company, which presumably will be the means of providing the home concerns with profits in respect

of material supplied. The Turkish Government will have to borrow more money to pay for the ships which the company will build. The strongest point in favor of the bonds now offered is that they are secured upon revenues under the administration of the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt. The yield on them, however, is not so very much better than the return on the 1909 Turkish loan, which has a prior charge on the revenues hypothecated to the guarantee, and investors who are foolish enough to fancy Turkish securities will probably prefer to buy the older ones, or, if they want a higher yield, to wait for the appearance of later issues, which are bound to come.

#### THE ONTARIO LOAN.

Last week's Ontario loan met with a fate which has been common to many really good-class investment securities lately, having been left on the hands of underwriters to the extent of 90 per cent. It was a 4½ per cent. issue at par, and presumably the public anticipated that there would not be a rush for it, and waited until it could be picked up at a discount. It now stands at a point discount, and as it was a 4½ per cent. loan offered at par, it yields about £4 11s. per cent. The is not a very high return for the security of a Canadian Province, but it must not be forgotten that Ontario is one of the older and more settled provinces, yet its resources are by no means fully developed as yet. In fact, the stock is not much inferior to the securities of the Australian States, which, because of their separate existence at the passing of the Colonial Stock Act, were given the hallmark of Trustee securities.

#### WEST AFRICAN GOLD MINES.

West Africa has not a pleasant sound in the ears of either the investor in the shares of gold mining concerns there, or, more recently, of any of the companies formed to look for tin in Nigeria. Still, West Africa has produced much more gold than tin, and the value of the gold output in 1913 was over a million and a half sterling, although the number of gold shares which are quoted daily is only about half that of the number of tin concerns whose prices are published. Two years ago a "Jungle" revival seemed out of the question, but the annual output of gold has risen by more than 50 per cent. since then, though the monthly returns lately have been stationary. Still, those who do not mind buying a few shares and putting them away for months, or even a year or two, provided they are sure they have not paid too much for them in the first place, might find one or two shares in the market to appeal to their bargain-hunting propensities. Below are the chief shares, divided into two groups:—

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	High.	Low.		
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Gold Coast Amalgamated	22/6	13/9	17/6	8 11 3
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	1911.		1912.		1913.		Prent Price.
	High.	Low.	High.	Low.	High.	Low.	
Fanti Consol	18/9	10/6	15/-	6/9	8/-	5/-	5/9
Pretea Block A	35/6	17/6	23/9	15/-	20/-	10/-	12/6
United Exploration	5/-	2/6	3/9	2/-	2/6	1/3	1/9

I am not "tipping" all or any of these shares, but merely direct attention to a market where speculation, once rampant, has been dead for a long time, and prices are therefore as free as possible from inflation. At the same time, it is controlled by the usual market groups who, on any favorable news or any sign of returning interest, would gladly give the market an upward twist.

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